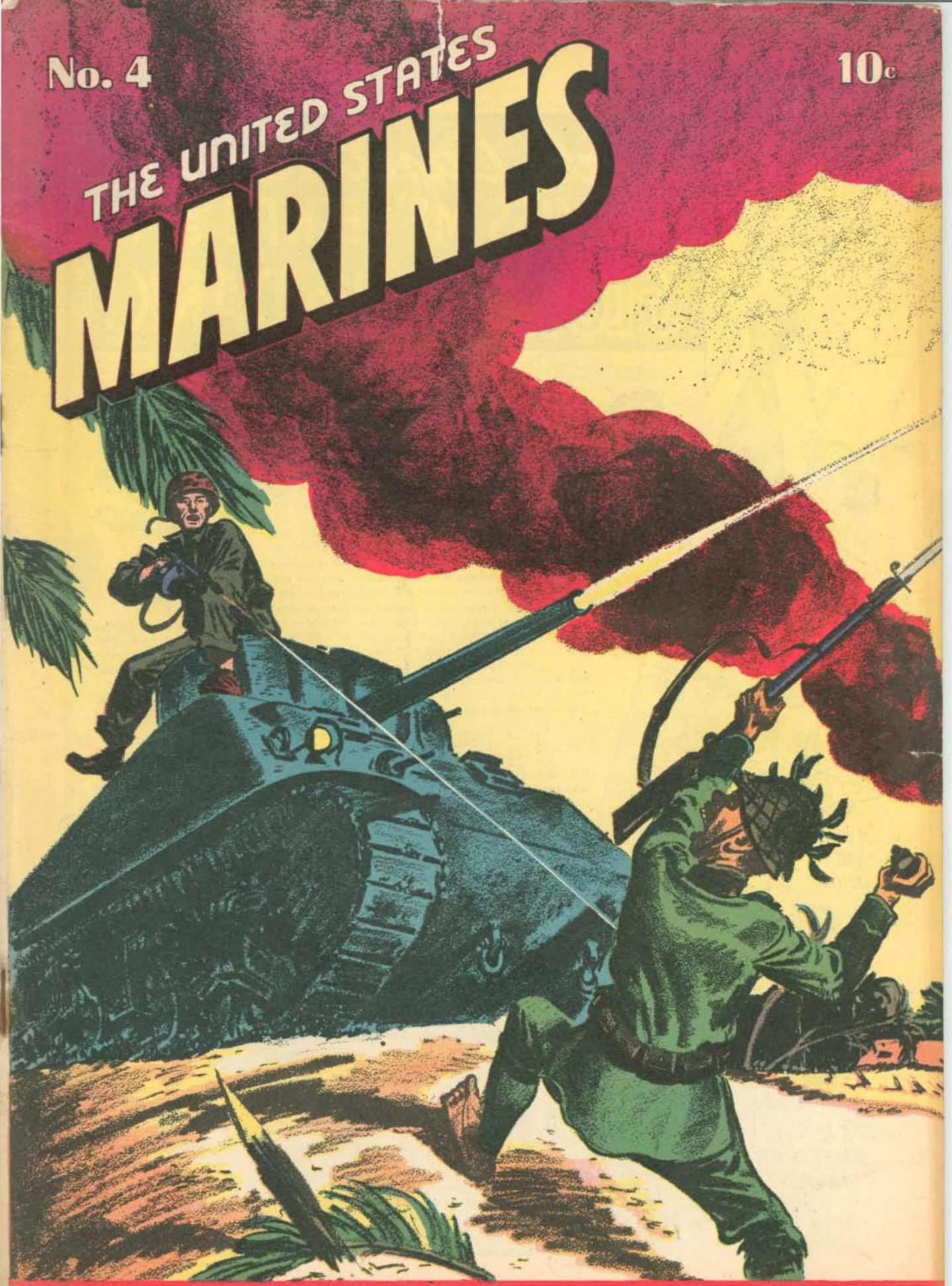
No. 4

10c

THE UNITED STATES MARINES



★ AUTHENTIC U. S. MARINE CORPS PICTURE STORIES ★

Girls Can't Resist this KISS ME NECKTIE as it GLOWS in the DARK!

A SMART TIE BY DAY

A MAGIC TIE AT NIGHT

IT'S NOVEL, DIFFERENT BARRELS OF FUN!

BY DAY A LOVELY SWANK TIE...BY NIGHT A CALL TO LOVE IN GLOWING WORDS!

MEN . . . BOYS . . . Now amaze your friends! Surprise and thrill every girl you meet! Be different and the life of the party in any crowd! Here's the most amazing spectacular necktie that you ever wore, a smart wrinkle-proof, tailored cravat, which at night is a thrilling sensation! It's smart, superb class by day, and just imagine in the dark it seems like a necktie of compelling allure sheer magic! Like a miracle of light there comes a pulsing, glowing question—WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK, BABY? Think of the surprise, the awe you will cause! There's no trick, no hidden batteries, no switches or foolish horseplay, but a thing of loveliness as the question emerges gradually to life, touched by the wand of darkness, and your girl will gasp with wonder as it takes form so amazingly. It's new . . . utterly different . . . a Hollywood riot wherever you go. And here's wonderful news! You can see, examine this glorious tie yourself without risk . . . just mail the coupon!

SEND NO MONEY!

Examine . . . Let It Thrill You . . . ON THIS FREE TRIAL OFFER

Don't confuse this magnificent necktie with any ordinary novelty tie, for it's high class, distinctive, ties up perfectly, and you'll wear it with pride. Its color combination is specially created and so original that you actually can wear it tastefully with any suit. It's wrinkle-proof, beautifully fashioned. You might expect to pay $2.00 or even $3.00 for this cravat just for daytime wear. But now, if you act quick, under this special INTRODUCTORY OFFER, you will have this marvelous, breath-taking GLOW IN THE DARK sensation for only $1.49! That's all, just $1.49, a bargain in quality, and a million dollars worth of fun at any party, or in any crowd, an aid to love! Send no money, here's all you do. Mail coupon with your name and address. On arrival of your GLOWING KISS ME NECKTIE, you simply pay postman $1.49, plus postage. (If money comes with order, we pay postage.) Then examine. See how it excites and thrills. And, if you are not delighted, if you are not eager to wear it, just return it for your money back promptly. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then act at once. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO.

207 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 730 K Chicago 1, Illinois

Rush me my KISS ME NECKTIE that glows in the dark. I will pay postman $1.49 plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for $4.22, check here ☐

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

"First to fight for right and freedom
And to keep our honor clean;
We are proud to claim the title of
UNITED STATES MARINE"

Two Marines brave a withering Jap cross fire to rescue a wounded comrade.

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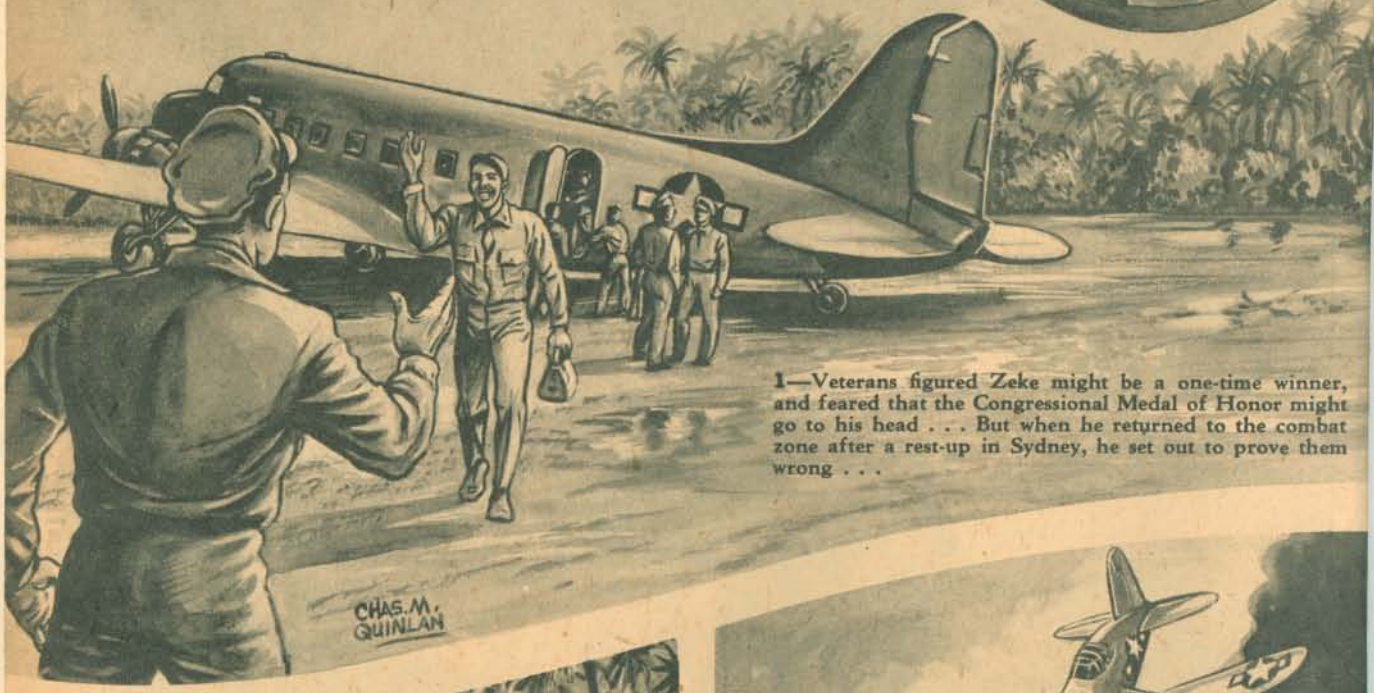
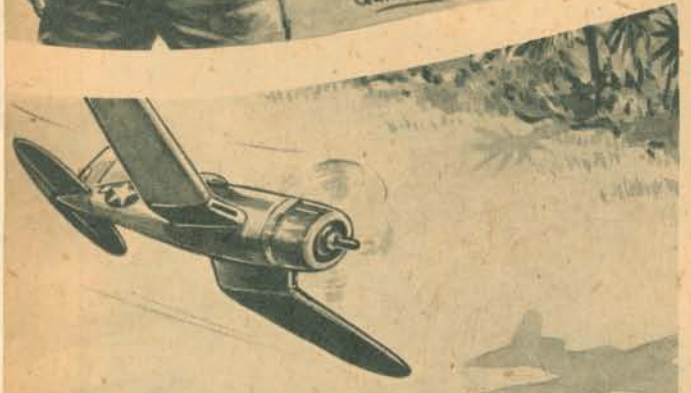
No Flash in the Pan

HE knew he was on the spot all right, but Marine fighter pilot James Zeke Swett proved in the Pacific skies that his first bag of seven Jap dive-bombers was something more than beginner's luck . . .

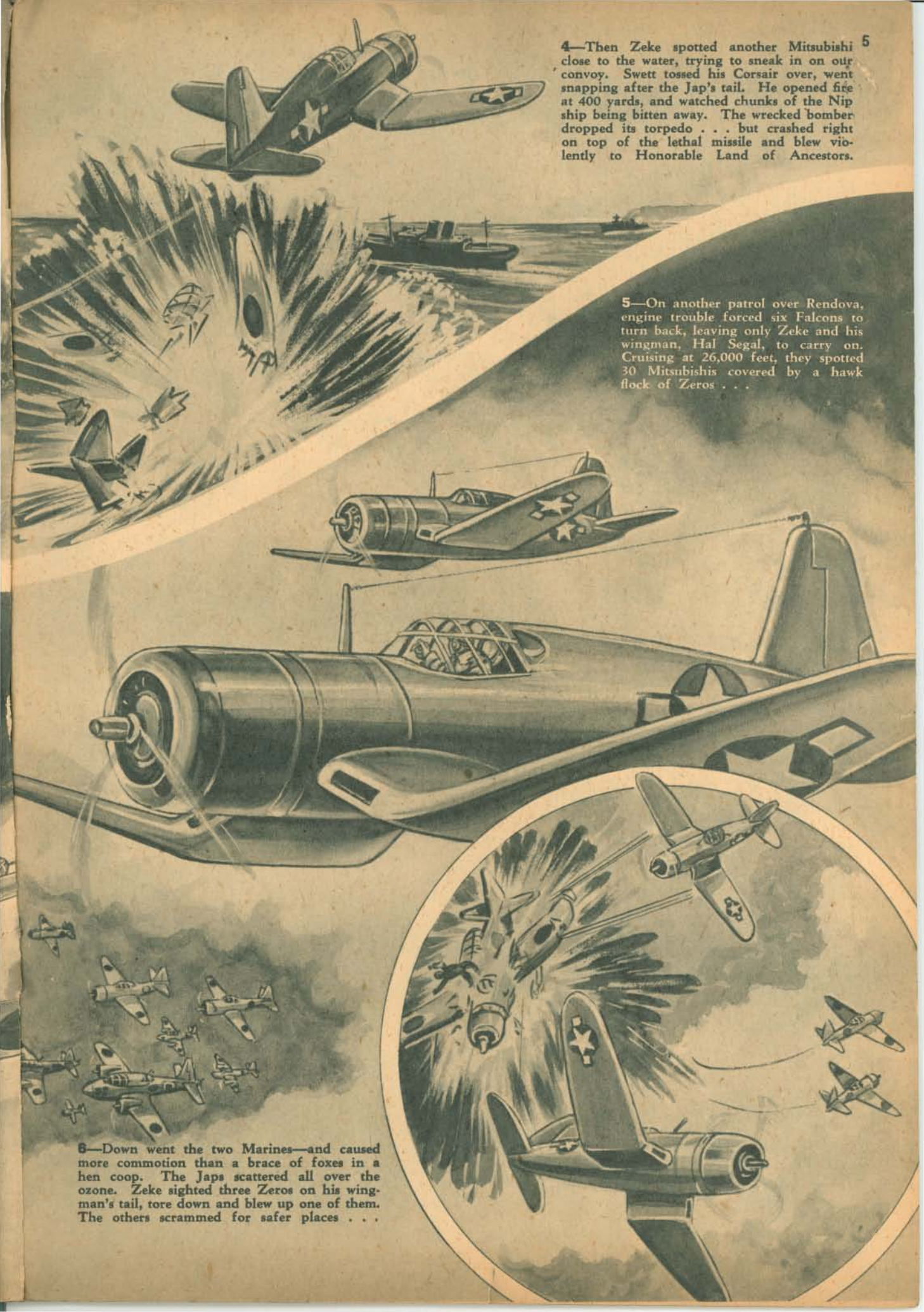


1—Veterans figured Zeke might be a one-time winner, and feared that the Congressional Medal of Honor might go to his head . . . But when he returned to the combat zone after a rest-up in Sydney, he set out to prove them wrong . . .



2—The days of the old reliable *Wildcat* (F4F) were over, and Zeke checked out with his squadron—the Fighting Falcons—in the new gull-winged Corsairs (F4Us) with happy exuberance . . . And then, on June 30, almost three months after his first spectacular combat, Swett went into action again . . . !

3—Jap torpedo bombers were trying to mes up an American convoy taking part in th new Rendova offensive when the patrollin Falcons spotted them. The Corsairs struc like lightning—and Zeke Swett killed bomber on his first pass . . . !



4—Then Zeke spotted another Mitsubishi close to the water, trying to sneak in on our convoy. Swett tossed his Corsair over, went snapping after the Jap's tail. He opened fire at 400 yards, and watched chunks of the Nip ship being bitten away. The wrecked bomber dropped its torpedo . . . but crashed right on top of the lethal missile and blew violently to Honorable Land of Ancestors.

5—On another patrol over Rendova, engine trouble forced six Falcons to turn back, leaving only Zeke and his wingman, Hal Segal, to carry on. Cruising at 26,000 feet, they spotted 30 Mitsubishis covered by a hawk flock of Zeros . . .

6—Down went the two Marines—and caused more commotion than a brace of foxes in a hen coop. The Japs scattered all over the ozone. Zeke sighted three Zeros on his wingman's tail, tore down and blew up one of them. The others scrammed for safer places . . .

7—Next Zeke picked himself a bomber and dropped it with a long burst, the Jap crashing into the sea and sending up a solid geyser of water that drenched the Marine ace's plane. Then a Zero got in some hot lead, knocked out the Corsair's motor, and Zeke had to make a dead-stick landing in the drink . . .

8—With a "sitting pigeon" helpless in the water, the Japs got very brave, making pass after pass at Zeke, who held on to the fuselage, ducking up and down to escape the bullets. The Zeros finally left and eventually Zeke was rescued.

9—Zeke drew another short r in Australia, after which he turned to battle and continued prove that he was no flash in pan. Before finally heading ho to The States, he knocked do his thirteenth and fourteenth J —catching the two Aichi d bombers just as they were ren vousing over Empress Aug Bay.

THE HEAT'S ON!

AND the Nips don't like it! In fact, some of them are pretty burnt up about it when these Marine flame-throwing tanks start belching their leaping fire. . . . But experience has shown that the Japs cling with fanatic tenacity to their positions once they're cornered, so these iron-clad arsonists save plenty of Leatherneck lives!

COME out, come out, wherever you are! That's the blazing call of these medium tanks as they cut loose at Nips in a pillbox *(top)*, a strong defensive position *(middle)*, and holed up in a cave at the edge of a Saipan wood *(bottom)*.

PALAU

GIBRALTAR OF THE RISING SUN was the formidable Palau Island group of the Caroline Islands, flanking the southeastern Philippines, and key to Palau was Peleliu. Here, on September 15, 1944, after a record nine-day air and sea bombardment, green waves of Leathernecks rolled over "Orange Beach 3" as the First Division struck. . . .

MARINES of the First Engineer Battalion of the First Marine Division hold a front-line position on Peleliu Using a bomb crater as a foxhole, these Leathernecks took on all comers with their automatic weapons and hand grenades.

WEARY but not yet battle-worn Marines take cover for a respite in a Japanese searchlight position. (The light seems to be out!)

INCH BY INC these Marines the First Division mo towards their objecti It took five days of b ter fighting for the D vision to complete t conquest of the cli of "Bloody Nose" a thereby silence the J guns firing on t Peleliu airdrome, whe Seabees were alrea at work readying t captured strip for t arrival of Americ planes which would used to neutralize u invaded isles of t Palau group.

PILL in the box? These Gyrenes just tossed in a grenade, and await developments calmly.

SNIPERS in that building learn about Marines and their rifles.

FLAME THROWER burns into a Peleliu pillbox as a Marine patrol closes in on a Jap diehard in the old familiar pattern of Pacific warfare.

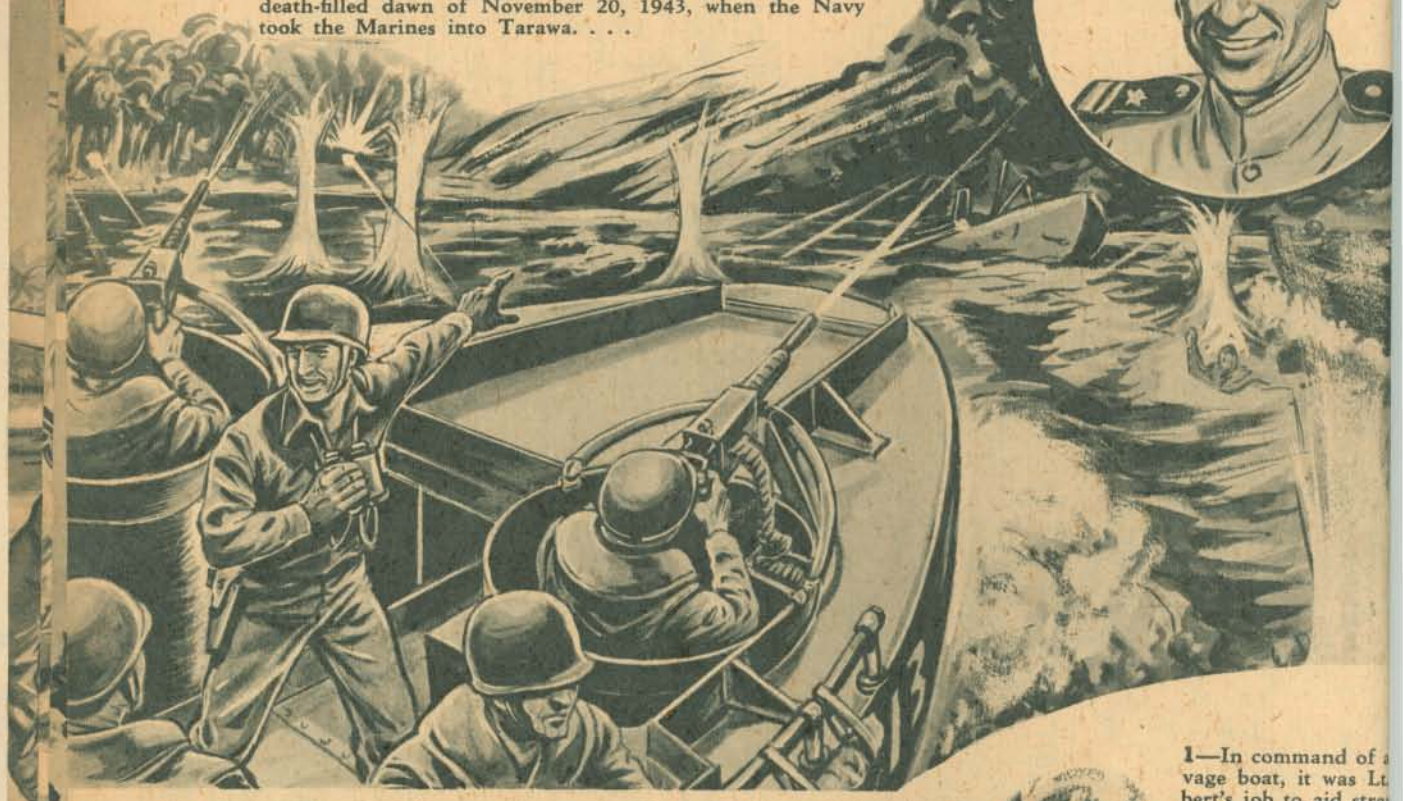
SHAMBLES of the Shambos was what Marine artillery made, wrecking this Nip 77-mm. field piece and crew defending the airport.

SHOCK ABSORBER is Marine-manned halftrack going into action against pillboxes. The machine serves as a buffer for the infantry by pounding enemy before riflemen mop up.

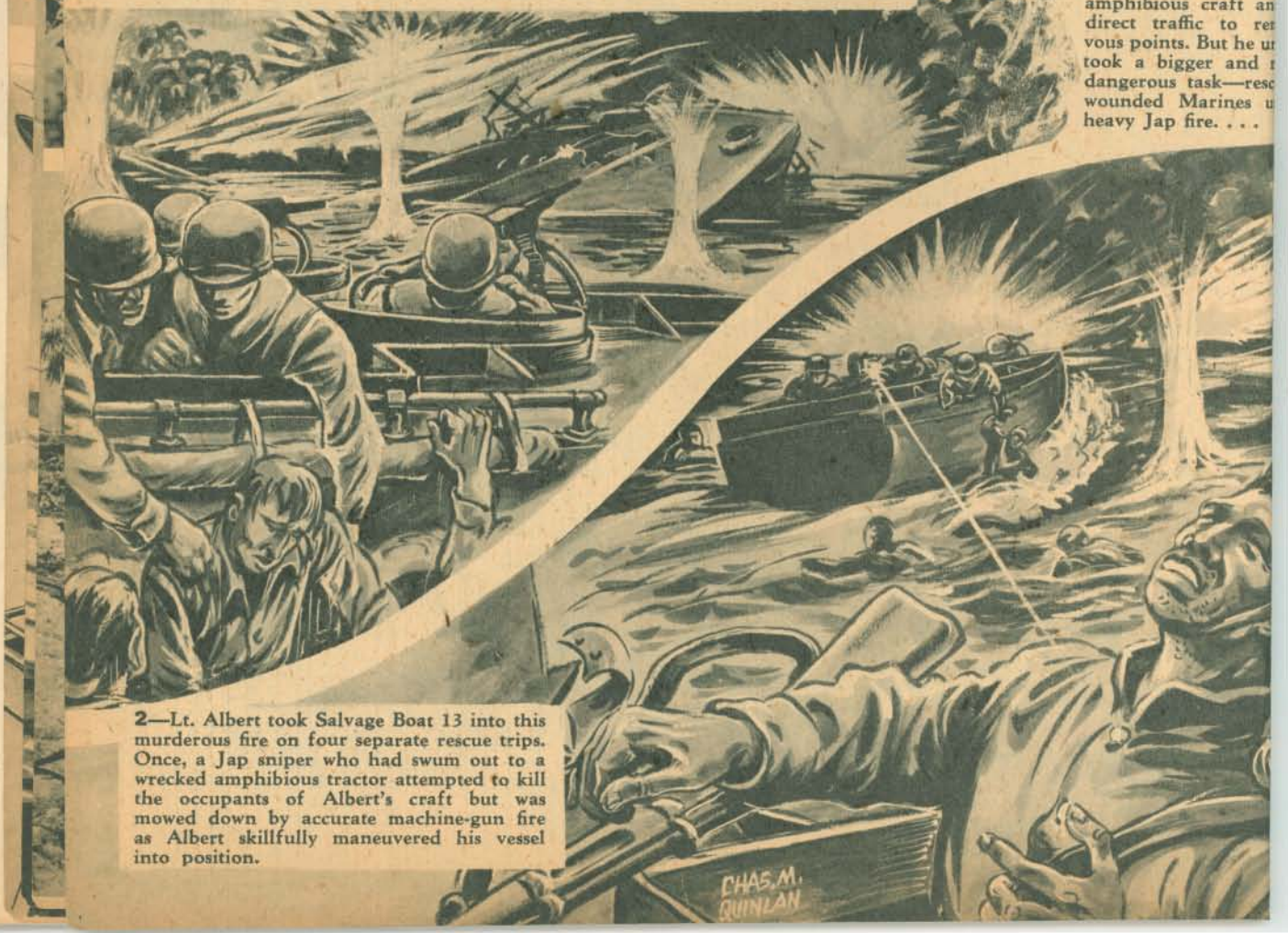
DEVIL DOG-TIRED are these lads after days of fierce fighting to establish the Peleliu beachhead. But the Japs are *dead* tired.

STAR PERFORMANCE

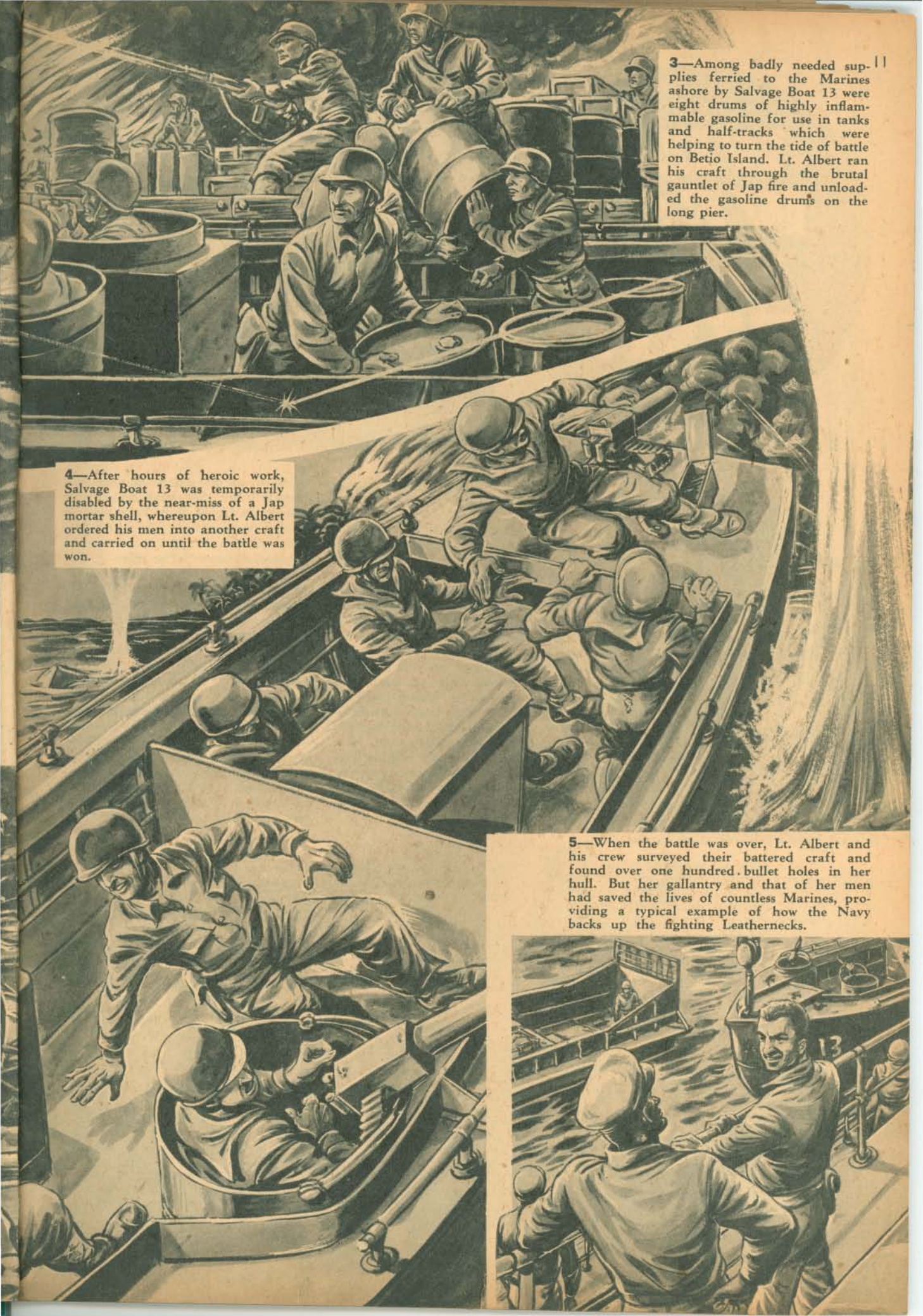
IT was no Hollywood version of war in which film star Lieutenant (jg) Eddie Albert found himself on the death-filled dawn of November 20, 1943, when the Navy took the Marines into Tarawa. . . .



1—In command of a vage boat, it was Lt. bert's job to aid stra amphibious craft an direct traffic to re vous points. But he u took a bigger and dangerous task—resc wounded Marines u heavy Jap fire. . . .



2—Lt. Albert took Salvage Boat 13 into this murderous fire on four separate rescue trips. Once, a Jap sniper who had swum out to a wrecked amphibious tractor attempted to kill the occupants of Albert's craft but was mowed down by accurate machine-gun fire as Albert skillfully maneuvered his vessel into position.



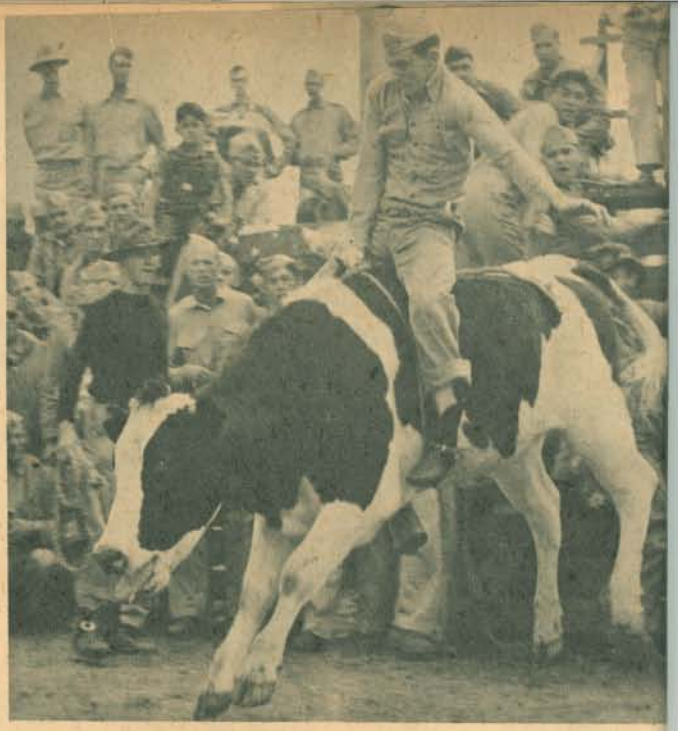
3—Among badly needed supplies ferried to the Marines ashore by Salvage Boat 13 were eight drums of highly inflammable gasoline for use in tanks and half-tracks which were helping to turn the tide of battle on Betio Island. Lt. Albert ran his craft through the brutal gauntlet of Jap fire and unloaded the gasoline drums on the long pier.

4—After hours of heroic work, Salvage Boat 13 was temporarily disabled by the near-miss of a Jap mortar shell, whereupon Lt. Albert ordered his men into another craft and carried on until the battle was won.

5—When the battle was over, Lt. Albert and his crew surveyed their battered craft and found over one hundred bullet holes in her hull. But her gallantry and that of her men had saved the lives of countless Marines, providing a typical example of how the Navy backs up the fighting Leathernecks.

WILD WEST in the EAST!

By MT/Sergeant Gene Ward
U. S. Marine Corps Combat Correspondent



If "fighting" is a Marine's middle name, then you'll have to add another handle to his monicker. And that is "sports." From boxing down through the athletic alphabet your Leatherneck is one of the most sports-minded of all fighting men.

On Guadalcanal, with battles raging in the forward areas, relieved fighters "resting" on the beaches played football with cocoanuts for pigskins. In the Marshalls they strung up hoops in cleared areas of palm groves and conducted basketball tournaments. Down in New Zealand and Australia, taking between-campaign breathers, they "relaxed" by bashing all the best beak-busters the Kiwis and Aussies could put into the ring.

But of all the sports contests indulged in by the rough-and-tough men of the Corps, your correspondent has seen nothing to match the rodeo put on in Hawaii after the Battle of Tarawa. The men of the Second Marine Division went wild-and-woolly-West in a titanic Bar-B-Q and rodeo that was the biggest entertainment of its kind ever put on in the field.

The statistics on the Bar-B-Q alone set an all-time high for picnics Elks included. And if there ever was any doubt as to the Marines' ability as trenchermen it was then dispelled forever. Twenty-five steers were butchered and broiled over open pits (at 600 pounds of beef per carcass); 800 cases of beer and 800 of coke were lapped up to wash down 420 pounds of cheese, 60 gallons of pickles and 50,000 buns.

The steer won this engagement but not before Pfc. Emil A. Hillner *(front)* and Second Lieutenant John A. Bell Jr. *(rear)* gave it a hard ride. Corp. James W. Fackrell *(right)* rushes out to catch them on the second bounce.

One of the cowgirls opens the show with pistol shots. The Leathernecks were used to the shots but a cowgirl—*any* girl—was something else again!

As the first holiday in the history of that Division—many of whose Marines were on their third year of overseas duty at the time—the men had just cause for going to town in a big way. And to town they went, led by a batch of rodeo-wise Texans who loped off with a major share of the rodeo prizes.

The Marines built their own chutes and grandstands, rigging a reasonable facsimile of Pendleton's famous roundup. And then aboard broncs and wild steers loaned by the neighboring Parker Ranch, they put on a show that would have sold to S.R.O. crowds in Madison Square Garden.

Number 1 thrill-event was the bronco-busting, won, in true Panhandle style, by a young lad named Tommy Price of El Paso. No novice in the rodeo business, Price strutted the stuff which had copped him honors in Washington's Topnish Ro-'deo and Goldendale Jamboree. Another winner was Elson Wortman of Bozeman, Montana, brother of a former Pendleton champ. He showed the boys how they ride wild steers in the northwest. A corn-fed Nebraskan, Warren Lowry, milked his wild cow in 50 seconds flat for the top award in that event.

Other events on the card included roping-and-bulldogging, a mule race and assorted fancy roping and riding. In addition there was a real live (*and* blonde) Queen of the Rodeo, from Boston — a fancy-riding Pistol Packin' Mama who was a Texas filly living in Hawaii; plus plenty of Marine comedy acts, special floats competing for prizes and a pre-rodeo parade.

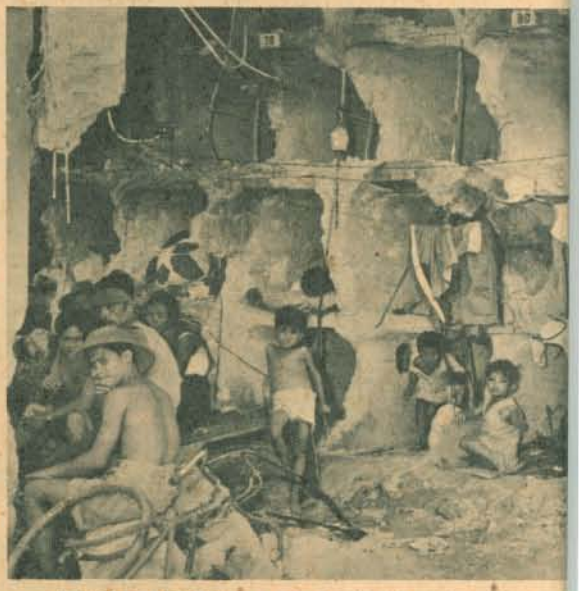
All of which only goes to prove there's nothing your Marine can't do.

GUAM

GUAM, America's extreme outpost in the Pacific, fell to the Japs a few days after Pearl Harbor. But here are the United States Marines, leaping from their amphibious tractor (above) to Guam's vigorously defended beach, as the Third Marine Division and the First Marine Provisional Brigade launch the come-back assault. . . .

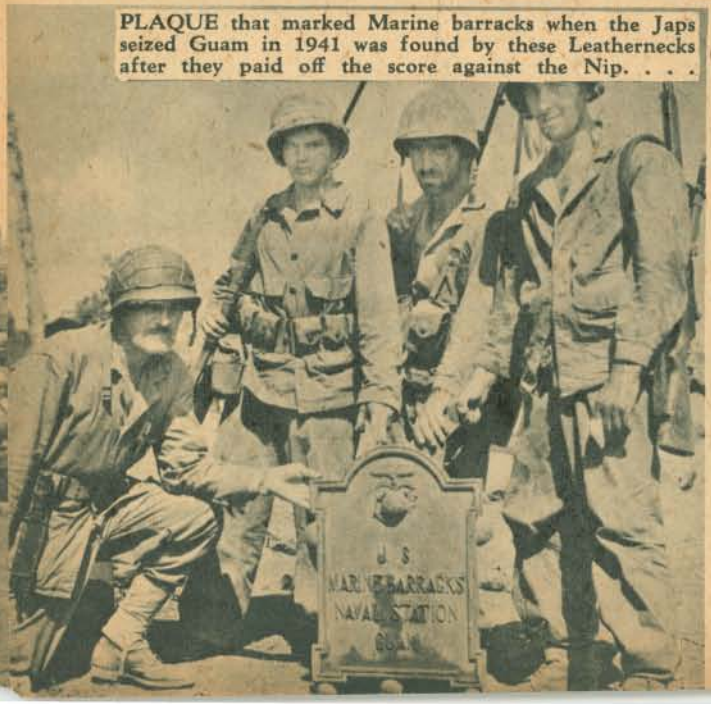
MINSTREL boy to the wars has gone—b this was no minstrel show on July 20, 194 The smiling Marine (circle) rides a landi craft headed for Guam. . . .

OLD GLORY returns to Guam, as this official Coast Guard picture dramatically shows.



AMERICANS living in a shattered tomb, these liber ed Guamanian families wait for the clean-up so th can return and rebuild their home town, Agana. .

PLAQUE that marked Marine barracks when the Japs seized Guam in 1941 was found by these Leathernecks after they paid off the score against the Nip. . . .



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FINALE to Guam liberation is pounded out happ by Marines of a pack howitzer unit on a salvag American-made piano (below).

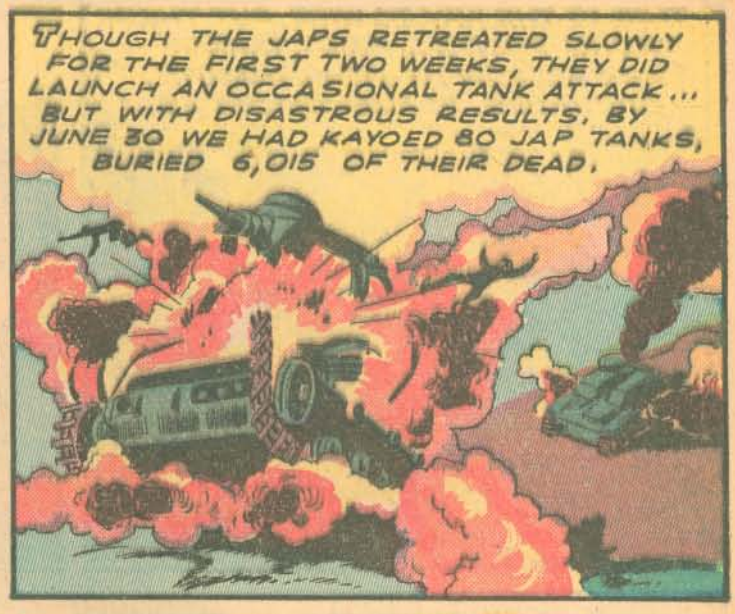
SAIPAN!

THE MARIANAS ISLANDS, A CHAIN OF FIFTEEN STEEP VOLCANIC ISLES, WERE NAMED THE LADRONES OR ROBBER ISLANDS, BY MAGELLAN IN 1521. DURING 25 DAYS OF JUNE AND EARLY JULY, 1944, UNITED STATES MARINES CORNERED TO DEATH ON SAIPAN, CAPITAL OF THE LADRONES, BETWEEN 20,000 AND 30,000 OF ITS TWENTIETH CENTURY ROBBERS- THE BANDITS FROM THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN AND THEIR HARD WON VICTORY GAVE AMERICA A VAST AIR-BASE JUST 1465 STATUTE MILES FROM TOKYO—

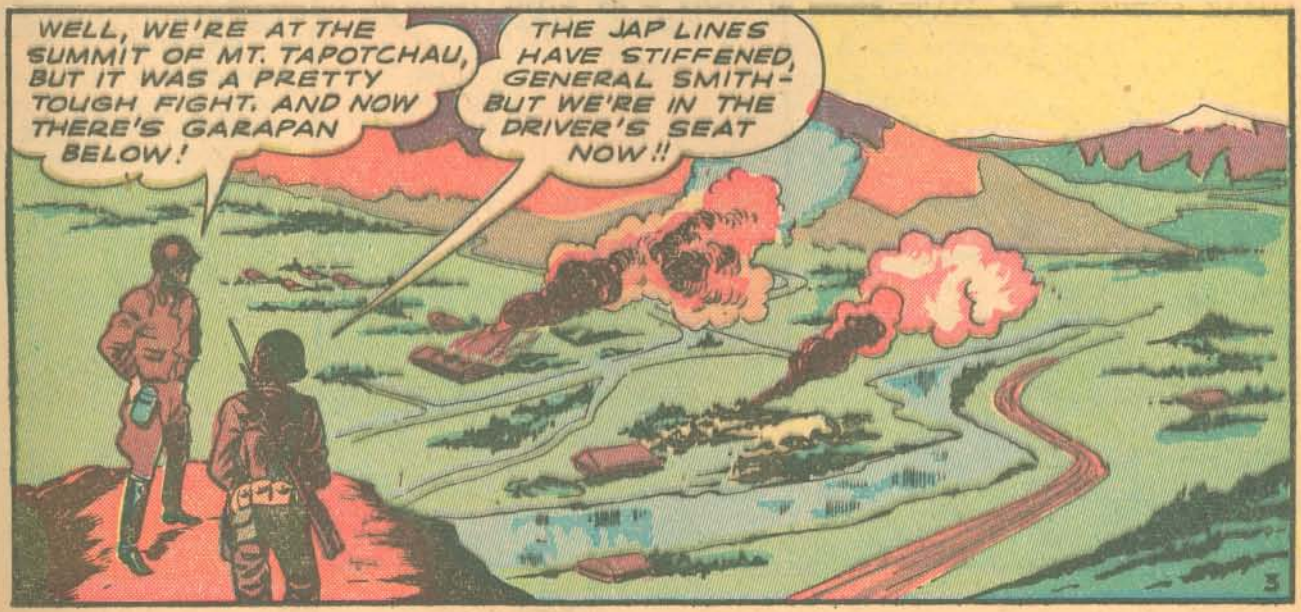
THAT LANDING WASN'T TOO TOUGH, BUT THE JAPS ARE SURE LAYING DOWN THE MORTAR FIRE!!
THEY CAN'T STOP US- WE WANT THAT ASLITO AIRFIELD!

MARINES OF THE SECOND AND FOURTH DIVISIONS, VETERANS OF GUADALCANAL, TARAWA AND THE MARSHALLS, QUICKLY ESTABLISH BEACHHEADS AND CHARGE INLAND. THE JAPS GIVE WAY BEFORE THEM. ASLITO AIRFIELD IS CAPTURED!!

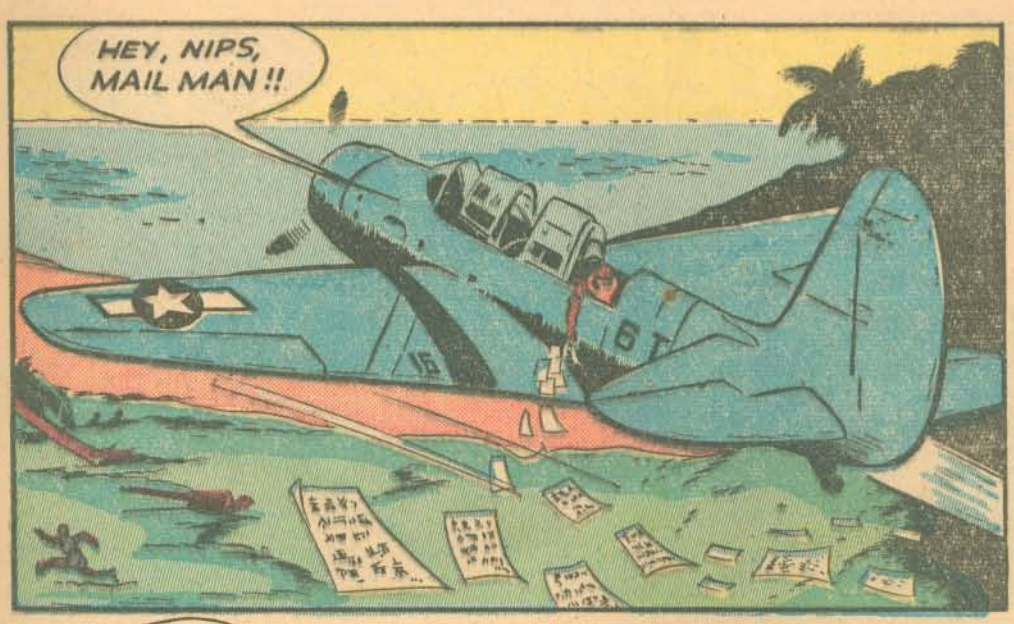
THE JAPS MUST HAVE AN ARTILLERY SPOTTER IN THAT MILL-TOWN OF CHARAN-KANOA
I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR. I'LL SEND A PATROL !!
SAY, THIS IS SOME DIFFERENCE FROM THE CANAL AND TARAWA. WE'RE ACTUALLY FIGHTING IN TOWNS!
OKAY, GUYS, I'
GOT THE SPOTT
SPOTTED. HE'S
IN THE
SUGAR REFINERY
TOWER!
A/EEE !!
NOW FOR MT. TAPOTCHAU !!
LOOK OUT, JAPPIE BOYS- HERE WE COME!!
THE JAPS-WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM- WON'T BE BACK AFTER THAT PASTING, ADMIRAL !!
NOW OUR
MARINES C
GET ON WITH
NIP-KILLING
ON SAIPAN...
AND THEY'RE DOI
A GREAT JOB!


THOUGH THE JAPS RETREATED SLOWLY FOR THE FIRST TWO WEEKS, THEY DID LAUNCH AN OCCASIONAL TANK ATTACK... BUT WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS. BY JUNE 30 WE HAD KAYOED 80 JAP TANKS, BURIED 6,015 OF THEIR DEAD.

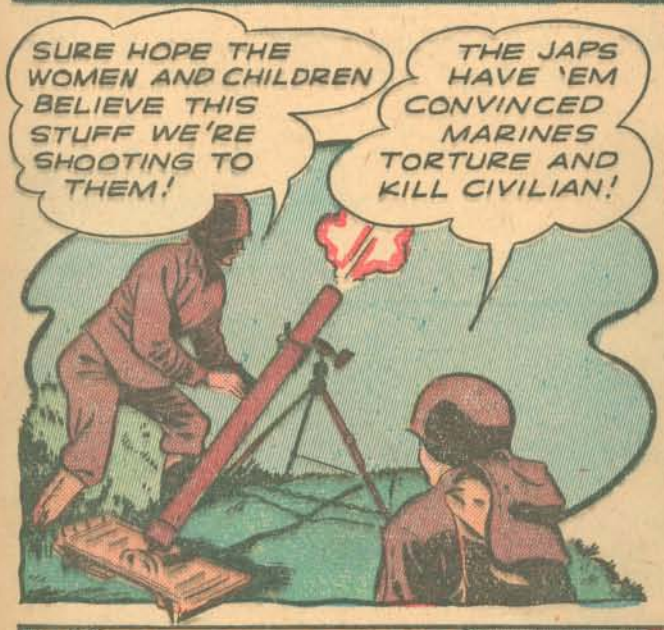
THE JAPANESE ATTEMPT TO LAUNCH AN AMPHIBIOUS COUNTER-ATTACK WITH BARGES BELOW GARAPAN IS REPULSED, WITH 13 BARGES SUNK. THE MARINES STRAIGHTEN OUT THEIR LINES ACROSS THE ENTIRE ISLAND AND PUSH FOR MOUNT TAPOTCHAU !!!

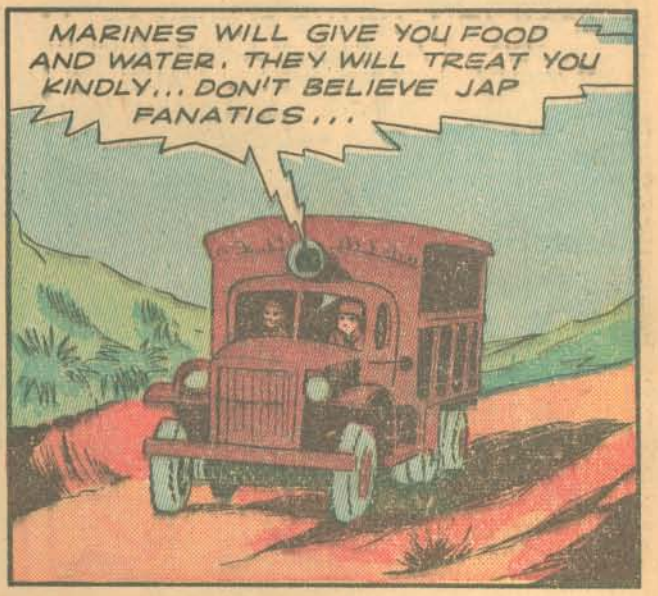

WELL, WE'RE AT THE SUMMIT OF MT. TAPOTCHAU, BUT IT WAS A PRETTY TOUGH FIGHT. AND NOW THERE'S GARAPAN BELOW!
THE JAP LINES HAVE STIFFENED, GENERAL SMITH - BUT WE'RE IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT NOW!!

THIS IS THE WAY TO WIPE OUT THESE STRONG POINTS... FIRST, TANKS— THEN FOLLOW UP WITH DYNAMITE, GRENADES, FLAME-THROWERS..!
THOSE DIRTY SNIPERS!!
THE FLIES ARE AS BAD AS THE JAPS ON THIS ROCK!
NOT TO MENTION THE HEAT, CHUM!
THIS WILL PAVE OUR WAY INTO GARAPAN!
THE EIGHT MARINES SHOULD BE MOVING IN ANY MOMENT!
HOW D'YA LIKE YOUR EGGS, JAPPIE?
AND SO, UNDE POWERFUL GROUND AND AIR ASSAULT, GARAPAN FEL AND THE FINAL DRIVE TOWARI THE NORTHER TIP OF SAIPAN BEGAN...

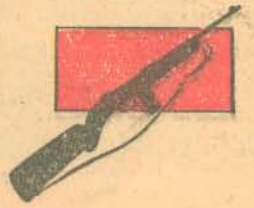


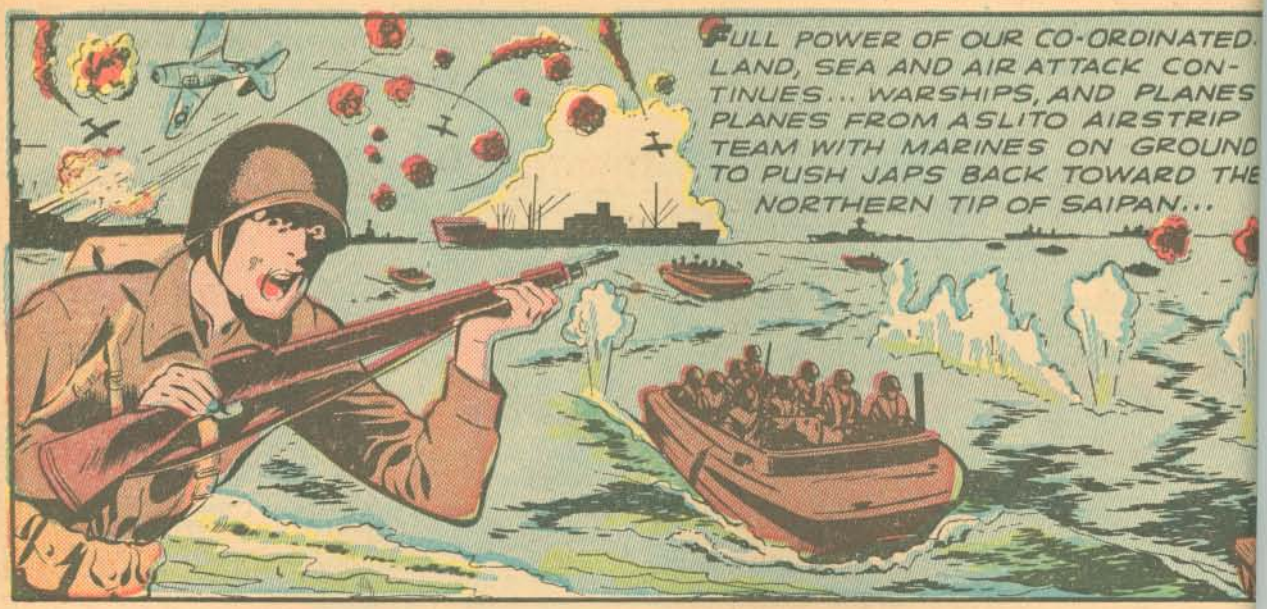
EVERY EFFORT IS MADE TO PERSUADE CIVILIANS TO SURRENDER. PAMPHLETS ARE DROPPED FROM PLANES AND SHOT FROM MORTARS, OFFERING FOOD, WATER AND SAFETY!!


SURE HOPE THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN BELIEVE THIS STUFF WE'RE SHOOTING TO THEM!
THE JAPS HAVE 'EM CONVINCED MARINES TORTURE AND KILL CIVILIAN!

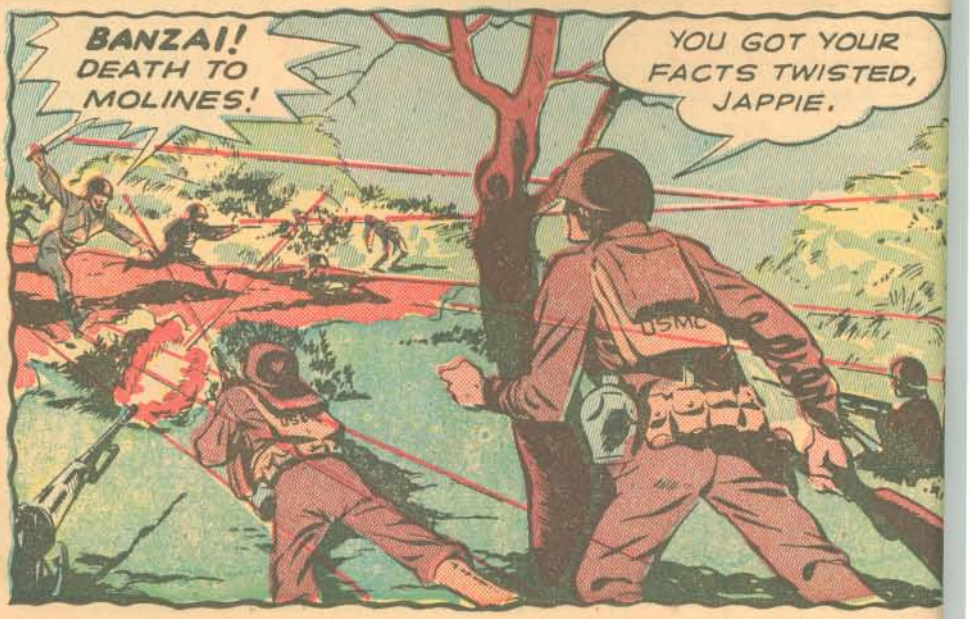


MANY CIVILIANS ON SAIPAN HEEDED THE PLEAS OF THE MARINES TO SURRENDER, BUT OTHERS, HELD BY JAP FANATICISM, COMMITTED HARI-KIRI OR WERE KILLED BY OTHER JAPS..

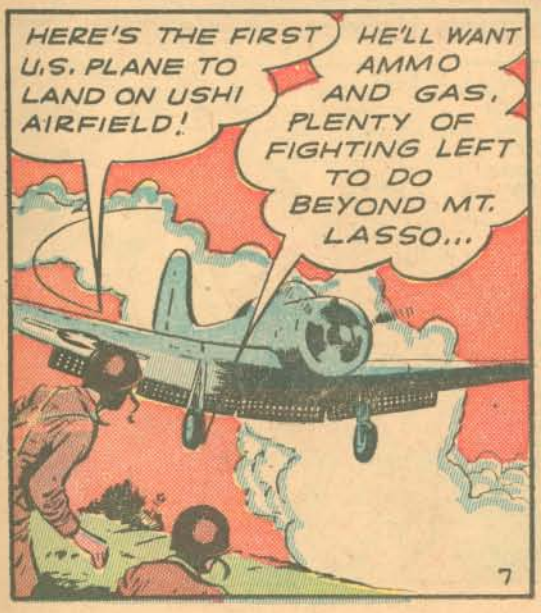



FULL POWER OF OUR CO-ORDINATED LAND, SEA AND AIR ATTACK CONTINUES... WARSHIPS, AND PLANES PLANES FROM ASLITO AIRSTRIP TEAM WITH MARINES ON GROUND TO PUSH JAPS BACK TOWARD THE NORTHERN TIP OF SAIPAN...

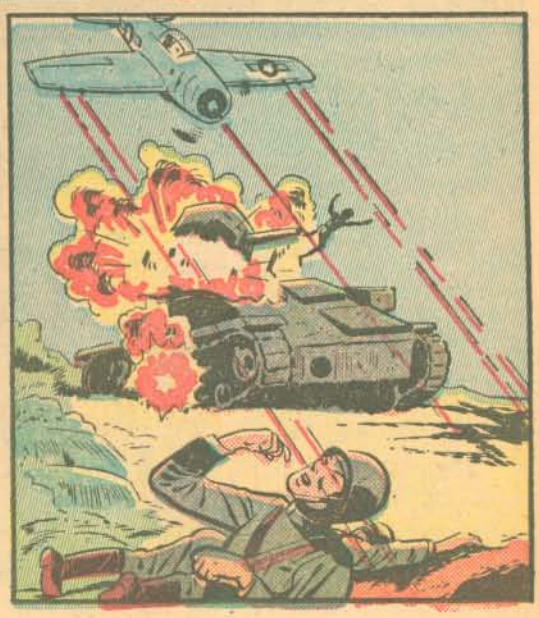
OTHERS MADE FRENZIED FRONTAL ASSAULTS- WITH THE SAME RESULT... THE FINAL BANZAI CHARGE CAME ON JULY 9, WITH HEAVY CASUALTIES ON BOTH SIDES. BUT IT WAS A DYING GASP- AND THE BATTLE OF SAIPAN WAS OVER...



FROM A STAGING AREA NEAR THE MARINE CEMETARY ON SAIPAN, MEN OF THE FOURTH AND SECOND DIVISIONS, AFTER A BRIEF BREATHER FROM BATTLE, EMBARKED FOR A TWO-AND-A-HALF MILE AMPHIBIOUS JOURNEY TO ATTACK TINIAN ACROSS THE CHANNEL...



BUT THE MARINES SOON LIQUIDATED THE JAPS IN THE SOUTHERN SECTOR... AND TINIAN WAS OURS...



THE FIGHTING REDHEAD

NOT ALL THE HEROES WIND UP WITH HONORS AND DECORATIONS. IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE, SOME ARE OVERLOOKED. SO IT WAS IN THE CASE OF PFC *"RED" SHELTON* OF THE MARINES, A RADIO OPERATOR IN H&S CO., 8TH MARINES, 2ND MARINE DIVISION, WHICH CRUSHED THE JAPS IN THE BLOODY BATTLE OF TARAWA, TERMED THE MOST BITTER FIGHTING IN WHICH MARINES HAVE EVER BEEN INVOLVED.

OKAY! LET'S GET GOING!

THAT RED IS PLENTY COOL--AND A FINE RADIO OPERATOR, TOO.

BUT A BETTER *FIGHTER*, FROM GUADAL REPORTS. LOOK! HE'S SALVAGED A TOMMY GUN FROM THAT AMPTRAC.

THE JAP FIRE IS SORT OF HEAVY ON THE PIER, AND NOW THIS CORAL IS STOPPING US.

THERE GOES RED! HE SAID NOTHING WOULD STO HIM FROM GETTING AT THE JAPS

1

THE VITAL RADIO COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE KEPT OPEN, AND RED HAS BEEN HARD AT WORK FOR SEVERAL HOURS WITH THE BATTLE GOING ON ALL AROUND HIM...
TAKE A REST, SHELTON. YOU'VE BEEN DOING MORE THAN YOUR SHARE.
WHERE YUH GOING, RED?
JAP HUNTING... THEY NEED ME OUT THERE!
HERE'S ONE LITTLE MONKEY'S SON WHO'S ALL THROUGH FIGHTING!
I'LL KEEP HIM COVERED-- JUST IN CASE!
AIEEEEE!
THANKS, MAC, I'VE JUST LEARNED A LESSON!
THE JAPS ARE USING EVERY TRICK TO DEFEND THE AIRFIELD. SNIPERS AND MACHINE GUN NESTS ARE EVERYWHERE, IN THE CREVICES AND RUBBISH OF BATTERED PILLBOXES, IN WRECKED PLANES...
BULL'S-EYES!
2

HE'S THE GUY WHO JUST BLASTED THAT JAP MACHINE GUN NEST IN THE PLANE.
PLENTY OF NERVE! BUT NOW HE'S BEEN NICKED BY A SNIPER'S BULLET.
STAY DOWN, YOU FELLOWS! THERE'S A CRATER FULL OF SNIPERS UP AHEAD!
I'M OKAY... JUST A FLESH WOUND IN THE LEG.
OKAY, MAC. USE YOUR FIRST AID PACKET AND I'LL GET THIS FELLOW TO THE FIRST AID STATION PRONTO!
THEY HAVEN'T GOT MY NUMBER... NOR YOURS, EITHER, MAC.
HERE'S A MAN WHO NEEDS ATTENTION, SIR.
THE NAVY DOCTORS AND CORPSMEN ARE DOING A WONDERFUL JOB. WORKING WITH THE VITAL BLOOD PLASMA, DONATED BY THE PEOPLE BACK HOME, THEY ARE SAVING LIVES AT GREAT RISKS TO THEIR OWN. MANY DOCTORS AND CORPSMEN WERE KILLED HERE.
THIS MAN WILL BE OKAY, MARINE, THANKS TO YOU AND BLOOD PLASMA.
I'LL EVEN UP THE SCORE FOR YOU, MAC!
3

THE DESPERATE JAPS ARE POURING LEAD FROM EVERY HIDDEN CREVICE AS RED REGAINS HIS OLD POSITION. ALTHOUGH BADLY OUTNUMBERED, THE MARINES ARE FORGING AHEAD. THIS IS ONE OF THE CRUCIAL MOMENTS IN THE BATTLE OF TARAWA....

I'M GOING TO GET THAT NEST OF SNIPERS!

JUST ANOTHER CREASE... THEY STILL HAVEN'T GOT MY NUMBER!

DEATH TO THE MOLINE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, BUT IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND!

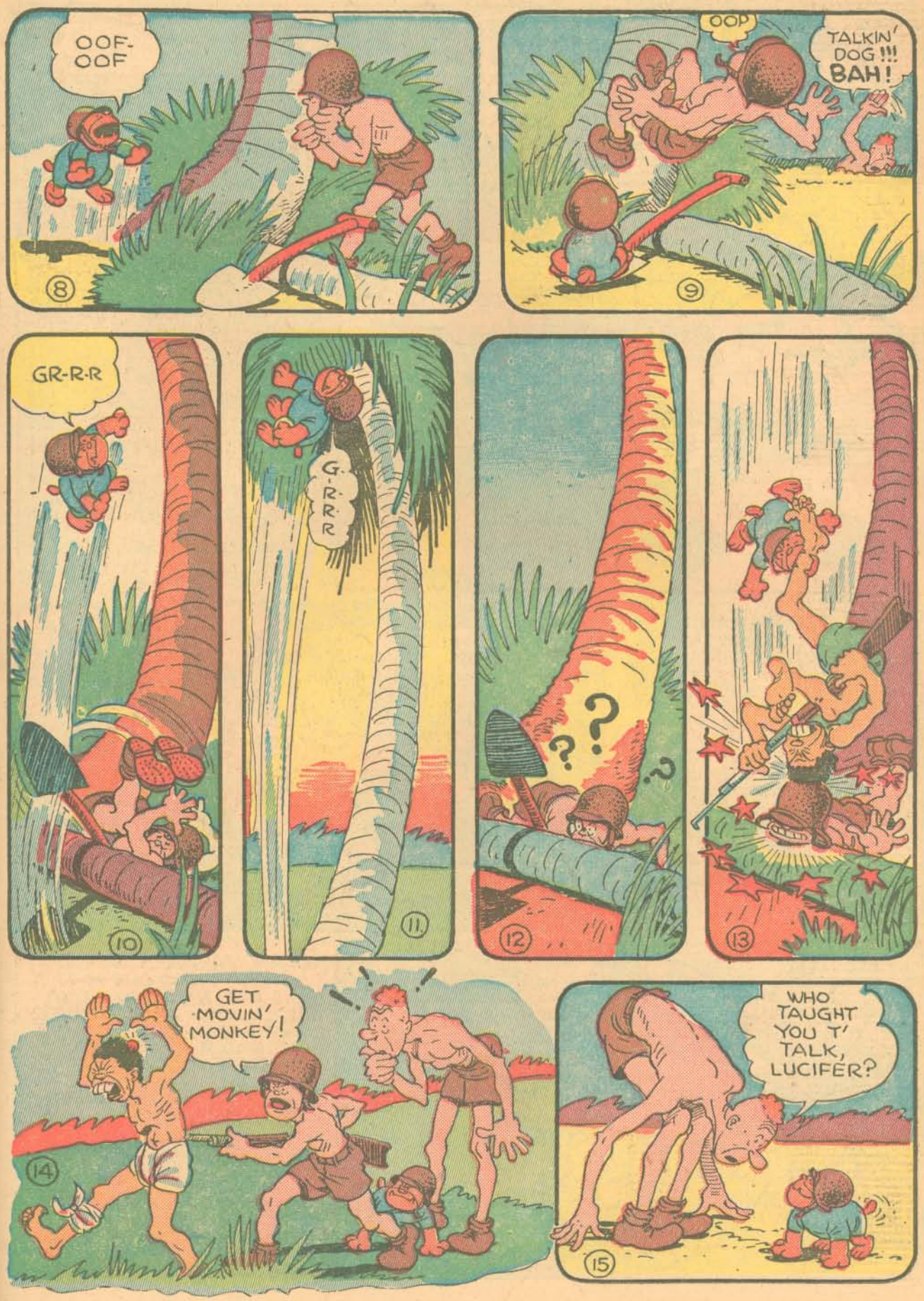
THIS PARTICULAR JAP NEST HAS BEEN STALLING THE ENTIRE ADVANCE IN THIS SECTOR. IT MUST BE WIPED OUT BEFORE NIGHTFALL.

THIS GALLANT BUT UNSUNG MARINE HERO WAS WOUNDED FOUR TIMES BEFORE BEING PUT OUT OF ACTION. TODAY HE IS BACK WITH HIS REGIMENT IN THE PACIFIC, BACK TO KILLING JAPS!

JUST TAKE IT EASY, SON, YOU'VE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE.

THOSE JAPS ***STILL*** HAVEN'T MADE A BULLET ***WITH MY NAME ON IT, SIR!***

MONTE ZUMA AND TRIP O'LEE
HERE COMES TH' SARGE!
1.
LUCIFER GROWLED, DIDN'T HE?
2
GR-R-R
IT MUST BE TH' SARGE!
I'LL FIND OUT!
3
NOW— WHAT'S AMATTER?
R-RR-WOOF
4
HE SAID T'PUT YOUR HELMET ON!
NOW WAIT A MINUTE, TRIP — WHO SAID??
5
LUCIFER! HE SAID, "YER ROOF-YER ROOF!"
WHY-Y-YOU---!
6
R-R-R WOOF
MISSED!
7


OOF-
OOF
8
OOP
TALKIN' DOG!!! BAH!
9
GR-R-R
10
G-R-R-R
11
?
?
?
12
13
GET MOVIN' MONKEY!
14
WHO TAUGHT YOU T' TALK, LUCIFER?
15

SEMPER FIDELIS -

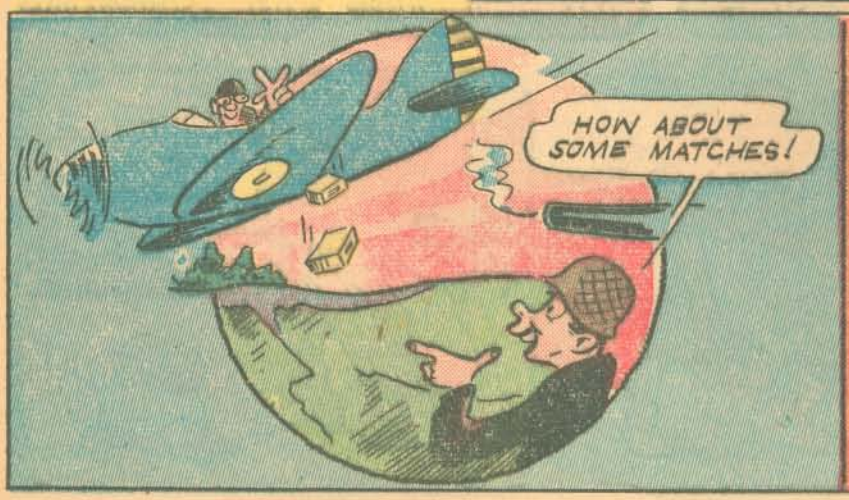
NOT ALL WAR IS GRIM. IN FACT, HUMOR OFTEN KEEPS THE FIGHTING MEN OF THE U.S. MARINE CORPS GOING WHEN THE GOING IS TOUGHEST. HERE ARE SOME SAMPLES OF WAR HUMOR AS REPORTE by MARINE COMBAT CORRESPONDENTS!

and SOMETIMES FUNNY

TINIAN, MARIANAS (DELAYED): WEARY MARINES AFTER A LONG DAY OF MARCHING AND SKIRMISHING AGAINST THE JAPS, HUDDLED UNDER THEIR PONCHOS TO ESCAPE TORRENTS OF RAIN. THEY KNEW A WET MISERABLE NIGHT WAS AHEA WITH NO CHANCE FOR EVEN A TINY FIRE OVER WHICH TO HEAT COFFEE. OPENING THE FIELD RATIONS THEY FOUND TINY CUBES OF SUGAR GAY WRAPPED IN COLORED PAPER CARRYING THE AD:

"EAT AT THE WALDORF!"

SAIPAN, MARIANAS (DELAYED): MARINE SGT. W. WILKINSON, 24, LONG ISLAND, N.Y. AND A BUDDY, SHARING A FOXHOLE, WERE PLENTY MAD AT EACH OTHER OVER WHO WAS PULLING WHOSE LEG AND INTERRUPTING MUCH NEEDED SLEEP. CAME THE DAWN - AND A BEDRAGGLED JAP SOLDIER TURNED OUT TO BE THE CAUSE. HE WAS BURIED IN A NEARBY HOLE UP TO HIS NECK AND HAD BEEN ATTEMPTING TO SURRENDER ALL NIGHT.

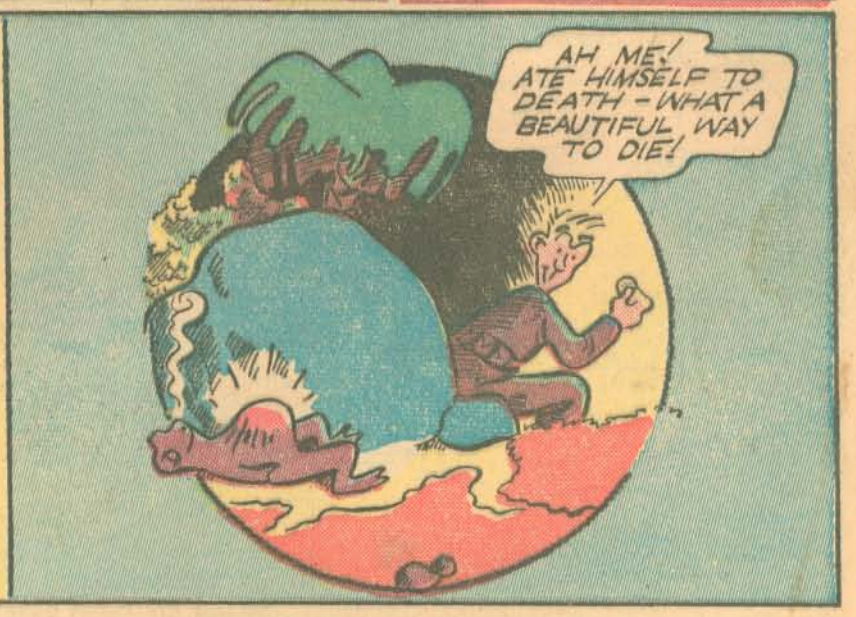


SAIPAN, MARIANAS (DELAYED) A JAP FIELD GUN IN TH HILLS WAS SHELLING VITAL SUPPLY LINES OF THE MARIN DOWN IN THE VALLEY. FLYIN OVERHEAD, A NAVY AVIATOR REPORTED ITS POSITION TO SHORE BATTERIES. THE SHARP-SHOOTING MARINE ARTILLERYMEN FIRED TW ROUNDS, SCORING A DIRECT HIT. LATER THE SAME DAY DOWN VIA PARACHUTE TO THE MARINES CAME TW BOXES OF CIGARS WITH NOTE SAYING!

"NICE GOING, MARINES!"

GUAM (DELAYED):
THE JAPS UNDOUBTEDLY HAD OTHER THINGS ON THEIR MINDS, BUT IF THEY'D LOOK CLOSELY THEY MIGHT HAVE NOTICED THAT INVADING MARINES LANDED WITH CLEAN SHAVES, NEW HAIRCUTS AND STARCHED AND PRESSED DUNGAREES. MARINE LT. COL. R.F. CRIST, JR., TROOP COMMANDER ABOARD A TRANSPORT, WAS RESPONSIBLE HIS DEBARKATION ORDERS INCLUDED:
A FRESH HAIRCUT, CLEAN SHAVES AND LAUNDERED DUNGAREES FOR ALL HANDS!

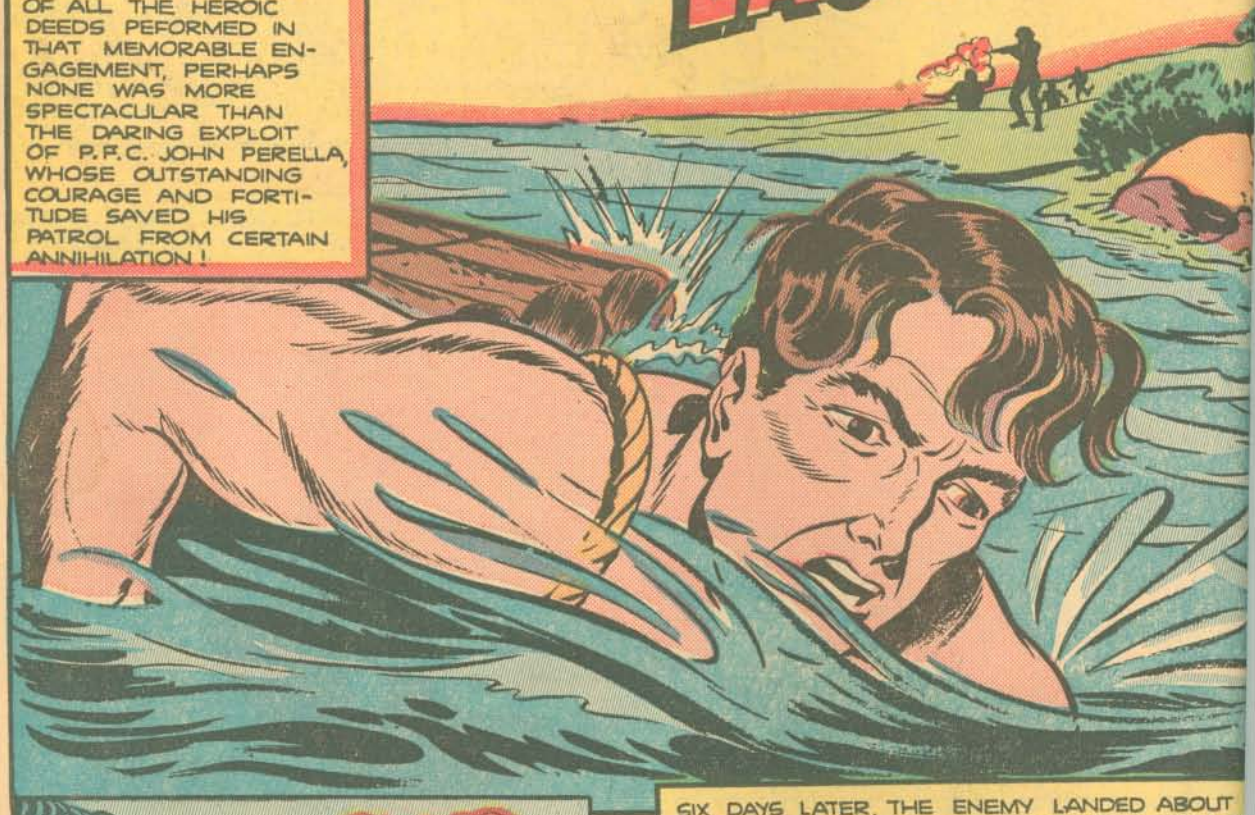
SAIPAN, MARIANAS (DELAYED):
SAIPAN SUE IS DEAD. AN OVER-SOLICITIOUS MARINE PLACED HIS PET TOAD IN A FLY TRAP HERE CONTAINING HUNDREDS OF THE SWARMING INSECTS. IT WAS A TOADS PARADISE IF THERE EVER WAS ONE FOR THERE ARE SO MANY FLIES HERE THE MARINES HAVE RENAMED THE ISLAND "FLYPAN".
THE TOAD ACTUALLY ATE ITSELF TO DEATH.



SAIPAN, MARIANAS (DELAYED):
MARINE PATROLS, MOPPING UP, FOUND EVIDENCE EVERYWHERE THAT THE JAPS PRIZED SOAP MORE THAN MOST ANYTHING ELSE. WHILE MOST OF THEIR EQUIPMENT WAS STUFFED INTO KNAPSACKS IN OFF-HAND FASHION, AMERICAN MADE SOAP OF WELL-KNOWN U.S. MAKES WAS CAREFULLY WRAPPED IN WATERPROOF PAPER AND CLOTH. THEY HAD PLENTY OF IT, APPARENTLY HAVING CAPTURED SUPPLIES OF SOAP EARLIER IN THE WAR.

HERO of KOROMAKINA LAGOON

NEW HEROES, RANKING WITH THOSE OF ANY OTHER ERA, EMERGED FROM THE SMOKE OF BATTLE WHEN THE U.S. MARINES STORMED THE JAPANESE POSITIONS AT BOUGAINVILLE. BUT OF ALL THE HEROIC DEEDS PEFORMED IN THAT MEMORABLE ENGAGEMENT, PERHAPS NONE WAS MORE SPECTACULAR THAN THE DARING EXPLOIT OF P.F.C. JOHN PERELLA, WHOSE OUTSTANDING COURAGE AND FORTITUDE SAVED HIS PATROL FROM CERTAIN ANNIHILATION!



THE MARINES INVADED BOUGAINVILLE ON NOV. 1, 1943. THEY KILLED OR CHASED AWAY ALL THE JAPS THEY FOUND AT THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA BAY, AND ESTABLISHED A BEACHHEAD.

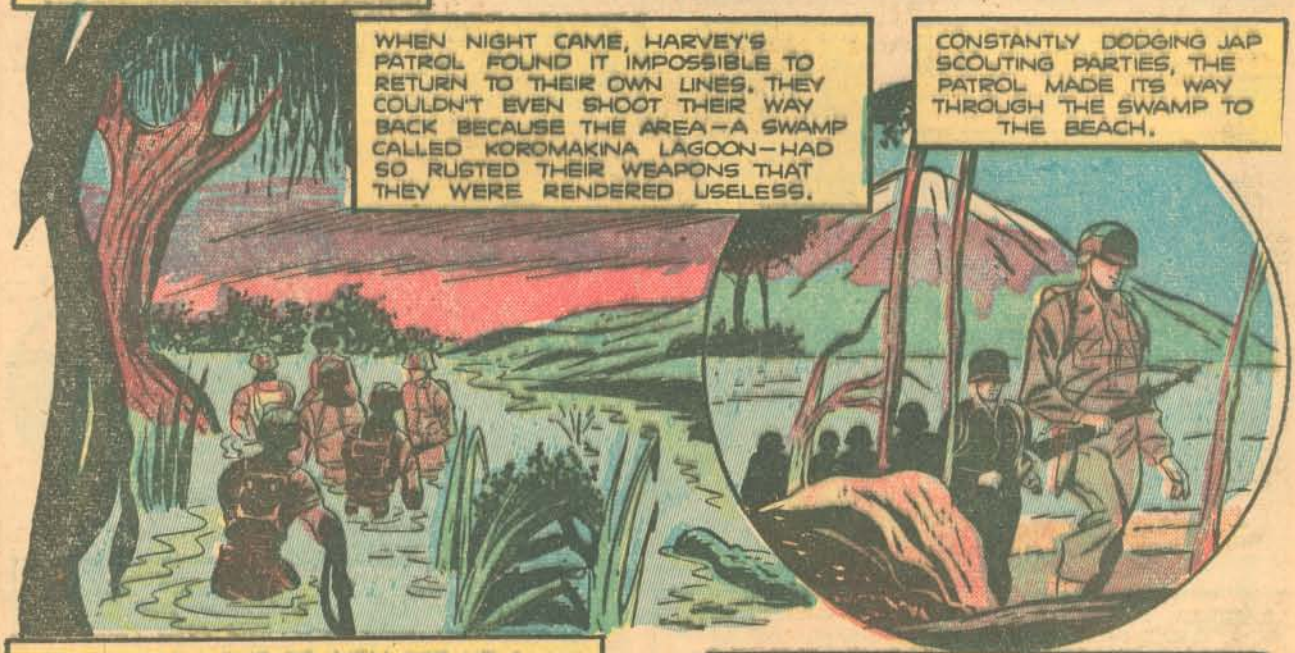
SIX DAYS LATER, THE ENEMY LANDED ABOUT 500 MEN FROM BARGES TO THE NORTH OF BEACHHEAD. THEY WORE BLACK CAPES WHICH WERE INTENDED TO CONCEAL THEM IN THE DIM LIGHT OF MORNING.

THE JAPS STORMED THE AMERICAN LINES AND TRIED TO CLEAR THE MARINES FROM THEIR NEWLY-WON BEACHHEAD. FINALLY, AFTER A BITTER AND BLOODY FIGHT, THE FOE WAS REPULSED.

THE MARINES PLANNED A COUNTER-ATTACK FOR THE NEXT MORNING, AND SENT PATROLS BEHIND THE JAP LINES TO UNCOVER INFORMATION CONCERNING THE ENEMY. ONE OF THESE PATROLS, LED BY LT. THOMAS H. HARVEY JR., OF KINSTON, N.C., PENETRATED DEEP INTO JAP TERRITORY.

WHEN NIGHT CAME, HARVEY'S PATROL FOUND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO RETURN TO THEIR OWN LINES. THEY COULDN'T EVEN SHOOT THEIR WAY BACK BECAUSE THE AREA—A SWAMP CALLED KOROMAKINA LAGOON—HAD SO RUSTED THEIR WEAPONS THAT THEY WERE RENDERED USELESS.

CONSTANTLY DODGING JAP SCOUTING PARTIES, THE PATROL MADE ITS WAY THROUGH THE SWAMP TO THE BEACH.

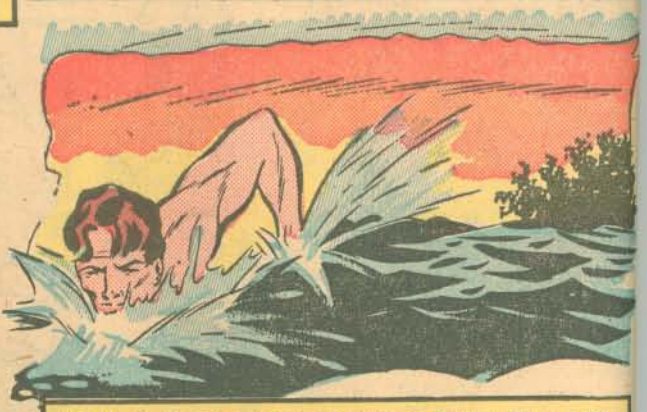


AFTER DARK, THE 26 MEN SET UP A DEFENSE WITH THEIR OWN BODIES. THEY LAY IN A SEMI-CIRCLE AROUND THE WATER'S EDGE, EACH MAN'S HEAD TOUCHING ANOTHER'S FOOT.

AT 8:45 THE NEXT MORNING, OUR COUNTER ATTACK WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN AND LT. HARVEY REALIZED SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE BEFORE THEY WERE CAUGHT IN A MURDEROUS CROSSFIRE.

SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE--AND IN A HURRY! JOHN PETRELLA, A 19-YEAR OLD P.F.C. FROM SPRINGFIELD, MASS., VOLUNTEERED FOR THE DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT OF TRYING TO REACH THE AMERICAN LINES AT DAYBREAK. TWO HOURS AND FORTY-FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE ATTACK, HE STARTED HIS SWIM TO THE SEA.

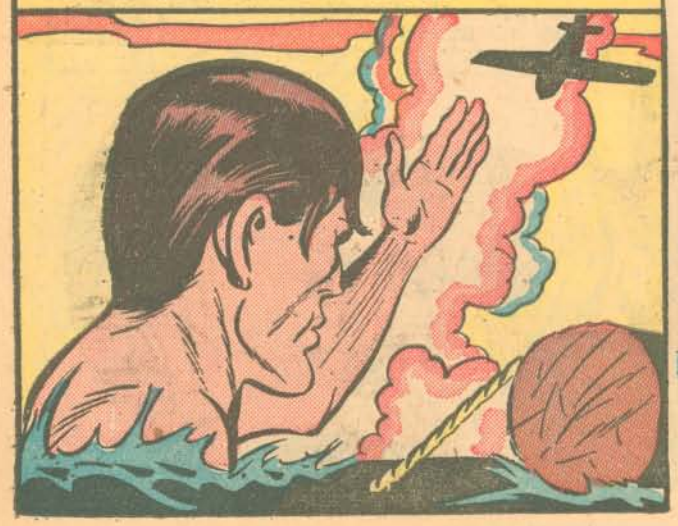
PERELLA HAD NO IDEA HOW LONG HE WOULD BE IN THE WATER SO HE TOOK WITH HIM A SMALL WOODEN RAFT HE FOUND ON THE BEACH. THE ODDS OF HIS GETTING HELP IN TIME WERE REMOTE, BUT IT SEEMED THE ONLY CHANCE FOR THE STRANDED PATROL.



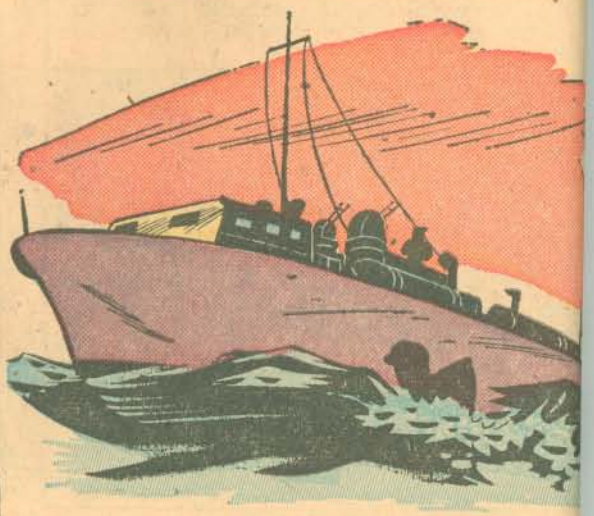
HE WAS SCARCELY A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE BEACH WHEN THE JAPS SPOTTED HIM, AND OPENED UP WITH RIFLE AND MACHINE-GUN FIRE.

IT WAS TORTOROUS GOING, SLOWLY PULLING THROUGH THE WATER WITH BULLETS SPATTERING AROUND HIM. IT TOOK PETRELLA ABOUT AN HOUR BEFORE HE SWAM OUT OF RANGE. ALL THE WHILE HE WAS A DEFENSELESS TARGET, BUT BY SOME MIRACLE HE WASN'T HIT.

PERELLA GREW DISCOURAGED BECAUSE HE SAW HE'D NEVER BE ABLE TO SWIM AROUND TO THE AMERICAN LINES IN TIME. BUT, AT A LITTLE BEFORE 8 A.M., HE WAS DISCOVERED BY AN AMERICAN PLANE.



A U.S. NAVY BOAT WAS SENT OUT TO PICK HIM UP. IN A LITTLE WHILE, PERELLA WAS SPOTTED AND HOISTED ABOARD...



IN THE NICK OF TIME, PERELLA SUCCEEDED IN GETTING WORD THROUGH TO MARINE HEADQUARTERS.

OUR ATTACK WAS POSTPONED FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES, GIVING PERELLA TIME TO DIRECT THE BOAT BACK TO THE BEACH WHERE HIS PATROL MAROONED. THREE MINUTES BEFORE THE ZERO HOUR, HARVEY AND HIS MEN WERE RESCUED.

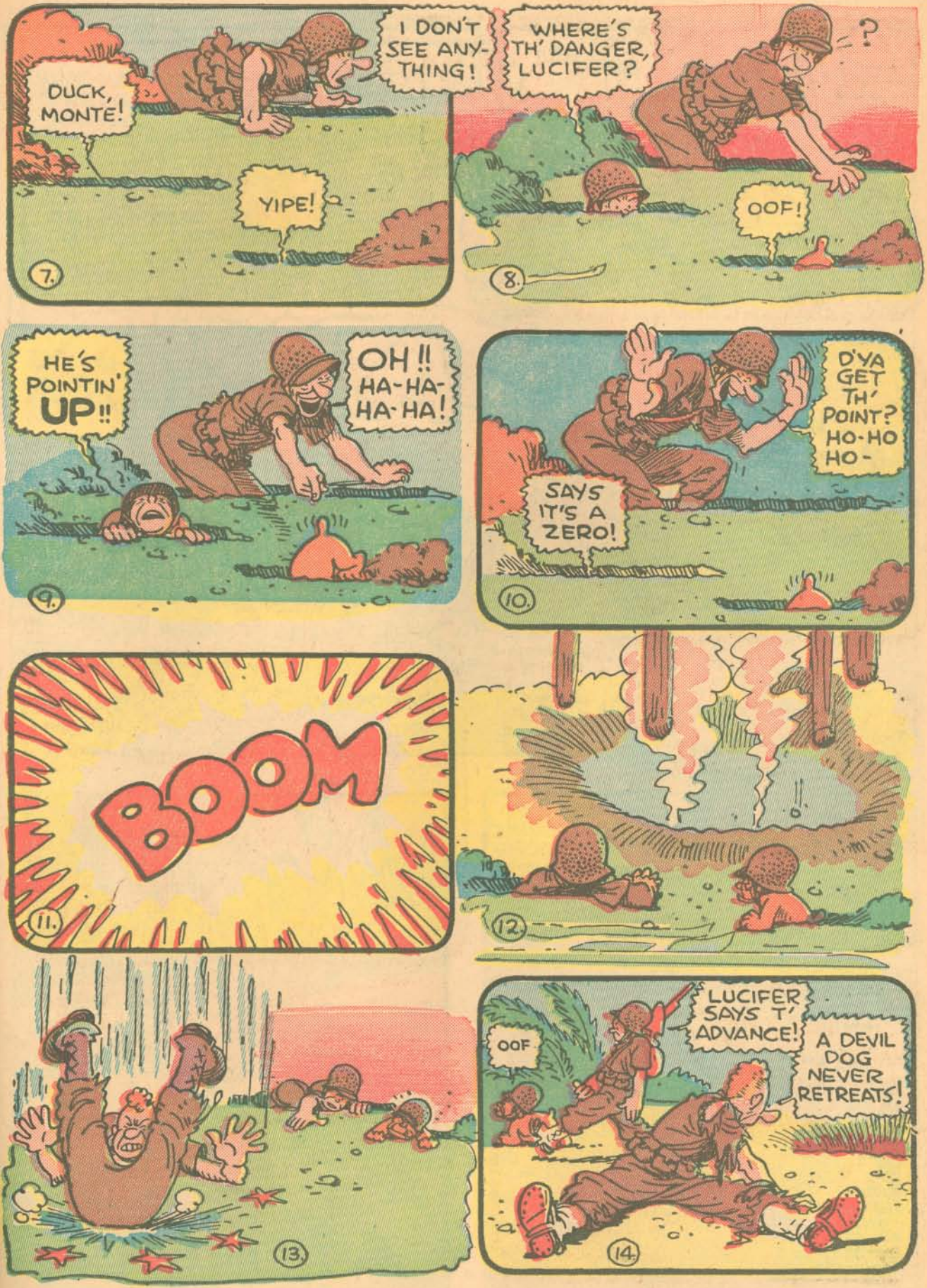
THEY WERE JUST PULLING OUT OF SIGHT OF THE BEACH WHEN, AT NINE, THE TERRIFIC AMERICAN BARRAGE BEGAN. THE MEN SAW ONE OF THE FIRST SHELLS EXPLODE AT THE VERY SPOT WHERE THEY HAD SPENT THE NIGHT.

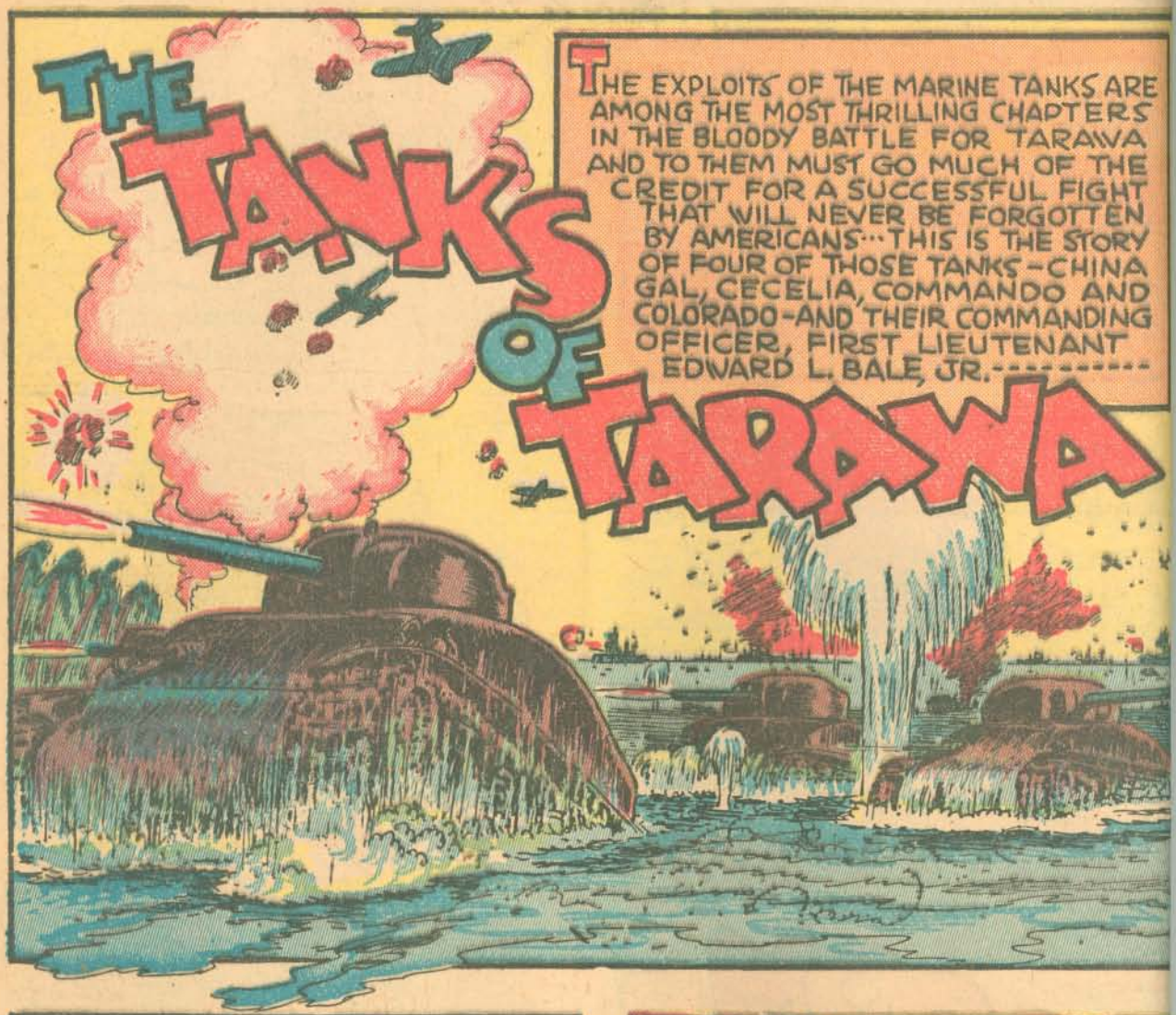
FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES, A THUNDEROUS HAIL OF AMERICAN ARTILLERY. FIRE RIPPED THE JAP DEFENSES.

THE KOROMAKINA LAGOON VICTORY WAS IMPORTANT BECAUSE IT COMPLETELY DESTROYED ALL JAP RESISTANCE ON THE BOUGAINVILLE LEFT FLANK. THE WORK WHICH LT. HARVEY'S PATROL HAD DONE BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES HAD HELPED MAKE THE VICTORY POSSIBLE. BUT IF JOHN PETRELLA HAD NOT RISKED HIS LIFE IN THE SPECTACULAR SWIM TO SEA, HARVEY AND HIS MEN WOULD PROBABLY HAVE BEEN KILLED WITH THE JAPS.

AT EXACTLY 9:15, THE BARRAGE STOPPED AS IF TURNED OFF BY SOME MASTER SWITCH, AND DEAD SILENCE ENVELOPED THE JUNGLE. AT THE SAME TIME, A LONG LINE OF MARINES ROSE OUT OF THEIR FOX HOLES AND ADVANCED TOWARD THE JAP POSITIONS TO FIND THEM DESTROYED.

MONTE AND TRIP
ZUMA O'LEE
SNIF
SNIF
WATCH LUCIFER, MONTE!
SNIF
1.
COME ON— HE SAID TO DIG IN HERE!
WOOF!
2.
HOW'S HE KNOW WHERE T' DIG IN?
3.
WHAT'S HE SAYIN TRIP?
YIPE!
4.
HE SAID T' PUT ON YOUR HELMET
WHY?
YIP!
5.
LUCIFER SAID SO!
THIS'S SILLY!
G-R-R-R R-IPE!
6.


DUCK, MONTE!
I DON'T SEE ANY-THING!
YIPE!
7.
WHERE'S TH' DANGER, LUCIFER?
?
OOF!
8.
HE'S POINTIN' UP!!
OH!! HA-HA-HA-HA!
9.
D'YA GET TH' POINT? HO-HO HO-
SAYS IT'S A ZERO!
10.
BOOM
11.
12.
13.
OOF
LUCIFER SAYS T' ADVANCE!
A DEVIL DOG NEVER RETREATS!
14.

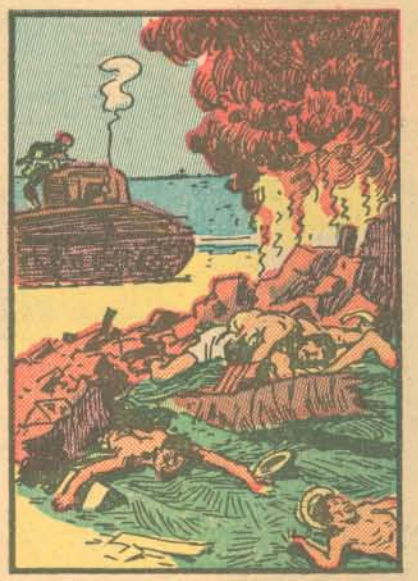

THE TANKS OF TARAWA
THE EXPLOITS OF THE MARINE TANKS ARE AMONG THE MOST THRILLING CHAPTERS IN THE BLOODY BATTLE FOR TARAWA AND TO THEM MUST GO MUCH OF THE CREDIT FOR A SUCCESSFUL FIGHT THAT WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN BY AMERICANS··· THIS IS THE STORY OF FOUR OF THOSE TANKS - CHINA GAL, CECELIA, COMMANDO AND COLORADO - AND THEIR COMMANDING OFFICER, FIRST LIEUTENANT EDWARD L. BALE, JR.----------

BOY! ARE YOU TANK GUYS WELCOME! THEY NEED YOU PLENTY OVER ON THE LEFT FLANK, LIEUTENANT!
THANKS, MAJOR. A COUPLE MORE TANKS SHOULD BE IN SOON - I HOPE, I HOPE--

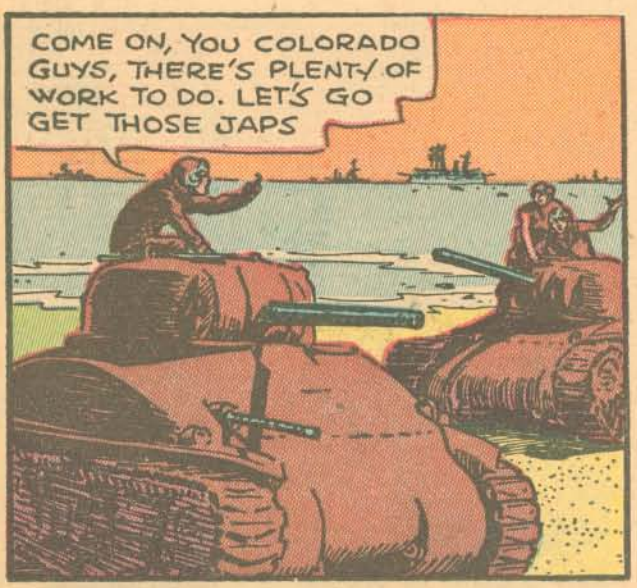
YOU BET, MAC, THEY CAN'T STOP US NOW!
LOOK AT THAT SHOOTING! AND LOOK AT THOSE JAPS DIE!

OVER THERE – SEE 'EM? THAT'S THE BABY THAT'S BEEN DOIN' ALL TH' DAMAGE TO OUR MEN IN TH' HIGGINS BOATS!
THAT'S GETTIN' 'EM!
NOW OUR HIGGINS BOATS CAN GET IN WITH REINFORCEMENTS!
HEY! LOOK OUT THERE'S A NIP TANK!
OF ALL THE ROTTEN LUCK! THE NIP SURE GOT IN A LUCKY SHOT!
YEAH, BUT HIS LUCK'S UP, JOE. HERE COMES LIEUTENANT BALE IN COMMANDO!
THOSE JAPS CAN'T TAKE IT
NOT WHAT WE DISH OUT, MAC!
COMMANDO WENT ACROSS THE ISLAND ALONE DESTROYING TWO FIVE INCH JAP ANTI-BOAT GUNS AND FIVE PILLBOXES. SHE SUSTAINED EIGHTEEN HITS BEFORE FINALLY BEING KNOCKED OUT BY A 40-M SHELL WHICH CUT THE FUEL LINE AND SET HER AFIRE.
THAT'S ALL FOR COMMANDO, BUT SHE SURE DID A GALLANT JOB!
DON'T WORRY CHINA GAL AN' COLORADO WILL BE ALONG TO CARRY ON!

NEXT MORNING WHEN THE CREW OF CHINA GAL GOT HER ON THE BEACH AND INTO RUNNING SHAPE, LT. BALE WAS ORDERED TO WORK WITH A BATTALION WHICH HAD A TINY TOE-HOLD ON A STRIP OF BEACH. WITH CHINA GAL HE BLASTED EVERY PILLBOX FOR 600 YDS.



SAY, THAT STICK OF BOMBS DROPPED PRETTY CLOSE!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN. BUT NOT CLOSE ENOUGH. WE'LL BE AROUND TOMORROW TO BLAST THEM OFF THIS ISLAND



AT DAYBREAK CHINA GAL AND COLORADO RUMBLE INTO THE BATTLE THAT BROKE THE JAPANESE RESISTANCE ON TARAWA. THE FINAL JAPANESE COUNTER-ATTACK FINDS THE TANKS IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT, KILLING HUNDREDS OF JAPS.

LEATHERNECK LENS

MARINE CORPS VIEWS AND NEWS
HERE ✪ THERE ✪ EVERYWHERE

1—TOUGH NUTS who make the Japs bolt with their gunnery are these Marine artillerymen on a South Pacific island. (Lt. Jack Sullivan, at extreme right, happens to be the editor's brother—which explains this nice publicity!)

●

2—GRASSHOPPER plane undergoes minor repairs on Peleliu. Appeal painted on nose is natural enough, with so many hardboiled gunners around!

●

4—INTESTINAL reference on tank is to Nipponese interiors—which this rugged-looking crew hopes to knock out all over the South Pacific. Brrr!

3—PAPPY Boyington is still marked "missing," but Pacific flying veterans haven't yet given up hope. He belongs on any page grouping of tough hombres.

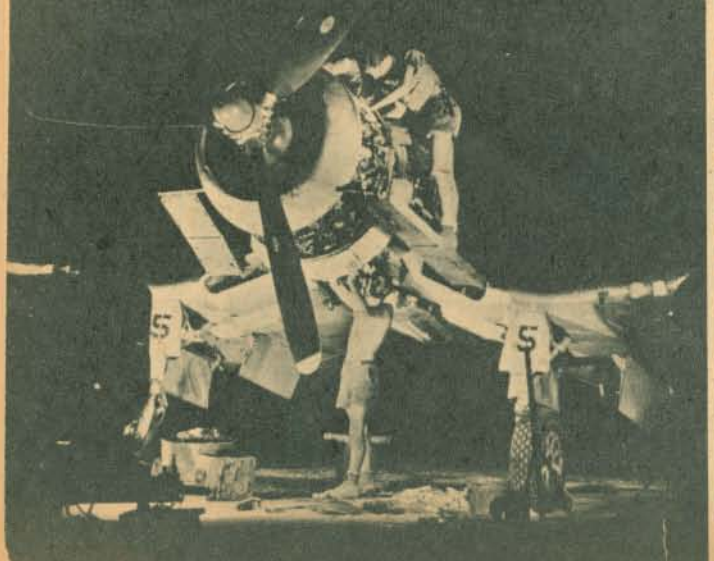
5—JAP-PLANTERS turn their proven talents from animal to mineral and vegetable as three Navy men attached to a Marine unit in the South Pacific work their garden of corn and radishes. Radishes, of course, will thrive.

6—HAPPY ENDING despite unhappy end of plane. This Vought Corsair's tail was badly shot up and a tire punctured by Jap bullets, but 1st Lt. Donald L. Balch, USMC, grins because he brought the ship back at all.

7—FALCON on Marine Lt. S. T. Nichols' finger is a mascot intended for Marine aviation squadron known as the "Flying Falcons," of which Nichols is a member. Perky girl is United Air Lines stewardess. The bird's name is "Zip."

8—ROAD-BUILDERS. You'd never guess it, but these Gyrenes are laying a sandbag road under a rough three-foot surf so trucks, bulldozers and other heavy engineer's equipment can drive to beach from LSTs offshore.

9—NIGHT WORK. Twenty-four hours a day is the schedule for Marine aviation mechanics in Pacific combat areas. With a small generator for illuminating power, these boys are repairing and adjusting a Corsair fighter.



10—CAUGHT with their planes down were the Japs on Tinian. Pre-invasion bombardment wrecked quite a few on ground, our aircraft got more in the air.

11—WORRIED was this Tinian native after rescue from hillside dugout by Marines. From his gesture, he seems to think he and his family will be killed by the Americans, thus confirming atrocity stories told him by the Japs.

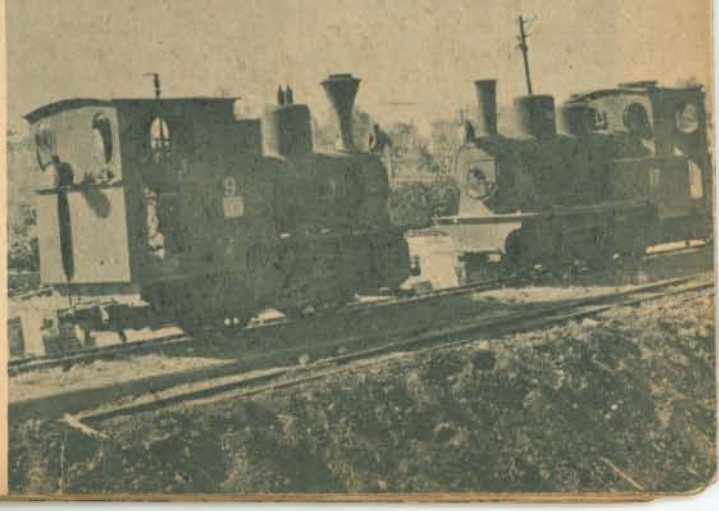
12—OBSERVATION POST. From the shelter of a wrecked Jap bomber, observers of a Naval gunfire team direct the shelling of Nip positions on a ridge overlooking vital airfield on Peleliu in Palau Islands.

13—GAG here is not only funny but true. This is Guadal's new, modern station which broadcasts recorded mainland shows to fighting Marines.

14—PASSENGER Number One on reconstructed Saipan railroad was Marine Lieutenant General Holland M. (Howlin') Smith, shown here riding miniature train as it chugs out from Charan-Kanoa, bound for Garapan.

15—GANDY-DANCERS. Navy Seabees became railroaders to put that little railway into operation again after air and sea bombardment supporting Marine landing had punished it pretty badly. Can do!

16—SUGAR LINE. Tiny locomotives were used by Japs to haul sugar from plantations. Marines now use them to tote Saipan supplies.



Marine Corporal Harvey L. Beasley, of Monticello, Florida, considers himself pretty lucky as he examines shrapnel hole in trousers. One reason Beasley considers himself so lucky is because he wasn't wearing the trousers when the shrapnel struck!

SPLIT-SECOND ESCAPES

BY LT. MILBURN McCARTY, JR., USMC

PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER, USMC

WALKING up a muddy trail during the early fighting on Bougainville Island, in the Solomons, I came across a Marine Raider friend of mine—Charles W. Ogden, a young sergeant from Washington, D. C. Ogden was holding his camouflaged helmet in his hands, and inspecting it with a look of amazement. There was a bullet hole in front of the helmet, and another one on the left side.

"Pretty close, that one," he said.

The bullet had hit Ogden as he was diving for a foxhole during an exchange with the Japs. It entered the helmet just above Odgen's forehead, tore up the inside lining as it circled his head, and made the second hole as it came out above his left ear. "And it never touched a hair on my head," he added incredulously.

Split-second escapes from death are frequent occurrences for American servicemen now fighting on the scattered fronts of World War II. For every man actually hit, there are usually a dozen others who go unharmed only because a bullet or a piece of shrapnel misses them by a hair's breadth. When we ran ashore at Bougainville against Japanese fire there were a number of my buddies who experienced such narrow and harrowing escapes.

Shortly after landing, Platoon Sergeant "Red" Coburn, a husky football player and rig-builder from Big Spring, Texas, had his M-1 rifle knocked out of his hand by an enemy bullet. The impact tore a piece out of the stock, but the rifle still worked, and Coburn continued to use it for the rest of the day. An inch higher or lower, and the bullet would have got Coburn in the chest.

About this same time, Pharmacist's Mate Manuel M. Maya, Jr., was running up to the front to help a man already wounded. A sniper's shot rang out, and the bullet caught Maya in the temple. It was coming from directly ahead, and after skidding under Maya's skin for about three inches, it came out behind his ear. Maya stooped beside a tree to daub a little iodine on the wound, and then continued with his work.

"It didn't even give me a headache," he told me later. But had the bullet been an inch further to the right it would have got Maya right in the eye.

Landing just behind the Marines at Bougainville were the competent Navy Seabees, who began clearing the jungle and building roads almost as soon as they stepped on the beach. One of these Seabees, a six-foot-four contractor from Los Angeles, named Orville P. McComas, drove his bulldozer into a jungle clearing at the front. As he did so a Jap began firing at him. McComas threw the bulldozer in reverse, trying to get back into the protection of the jungle foliage. But the bulldozer wasn't going fast enough, for the Jap found the range and started bouncing lead off the engine hood.

McComas, however, was thinking faster than the Jap was shooting. He jumped out of the bulldozer, leaving it in gear, and ran back to the jungle coverage before the Jap got him. As the bulldozer plowed back through, driverless, McComas jumped on again, thus saving not only his own life but his favorite bulldozer as well.

Another case where fast thinking turned sure death into a split-second escape was the experience of Platoon Sergeant William Wilson. Wilson was charging a retreating Jap during the Cape Torokina fighting on Bougainville when his rifle jammed. Had Wilson hesitated, the Jap would probably have turned and shot him dead. But Wilson kept charging, dropping his useless rifle and pulling out his knife as he jumped for the Jap's back. Riding astride the Jap, Wilson slashed his throat, and the Jap fell dead between Wilson's legs.

Joseph R. Wooldbridge, a Navy corpsman attached to the Marines, got himself involved in a very unusual close call by disobeying orders, but in doing so he became a hero. Wooldbridge was at the Bougainville front one night when Japs began infiltrating through our lines. Be-

fore midnight, some of these Japs fell upon three Marines in a foxhole some 20 yards from the place where Wooldbridge was dug in for the night. Excited shooting, clashing of knives, and battle screams came from the foxhole. This was followed in a few moments by the moans of wounded Marines.

The cries for help were heard all over the area, but no one was supposed to stir from his foxhole. One order that night was for every Marine to stay in his foxhole. Another order was to shoot anything prowling about. If you climbed out of your hole, it was a toss-up whether a Jap or a Marine would shoot you first.

But when Wooldbridge heard his wounded buddies crying for help he disregarded the orders. Grabbing his corpsman's bag in one hand and a knife in the other, he crawled the 20 yards to the stricken foxhole. It was inky dark, and another of the possible dangers was falling into a Marine's foxhole and being knifed for a Jap. But Wooldbridge got there. By touch alone he located the wounds, stopped the bleeding, and bandaged the three men. Then he faced the Jap lines and guarded his friends the rest of the night.

Although a close call in combat is ordinarily nothing to laugh at, situations sometimes arise which provide humorous sidelights to the otherwise serious business of shooting and getting shot. One man I knew at Bougainville, for instance, had a Japanese artillery shell land right between his legs — and NOT explode. The Marine, Private First Class Herman S. Ledbetter, was sitting in his foxhole at the time.

"This shell looked about 15 inches long, but I sure didn't wait to measure it," Ledbetter said. "When I stopped running I guess I was about 500 yards from that foxhole!"

One of the strangest close calls was experienced by a 19-year-old Marine who could blow smoke through a wound in his cheek. His name was Lonnie J. Griffin, a private first class from McGehee, Ark. The doctors, busy with more serious cases, hadn't gotten around to sewing up Lonnie's wound when I saw him.

"There was a lot going on when I got hit," he explained, "and I didn't pay much attention to it until a corpsman came up with a bandage. Then I found out I had a hole right through the left side of my mouth. There was just one hole, so we wondered what happened to the bullet. Couldn't find it anywhere. Then I remembered I was yelling at the Japs when I got hit. So I figured the bullet went in my cheek, then came right out my mouth. It was one time when talking paid."

Lonnie started blowing smoke out the wound purely by accident. He was smoking a cigarette when a fellow patient suddenly stared at him, then explained: "My God, smoke's coming out of your wound!"

Lonnie experimented, and, sure enough, found he could blow smoke through the hole just as well as out his mouth. The wound never pained him, either, he said.

He gave a demonstration for me. "I've been trying rings," he said. "But the bullet went in at an angle, and the hole isn't quite the right shape to make rings."

Of all the near escapes I witnessed there was none more spectacular than that of Tony Martin, a Marine private first class who used to be a professional boxer around Los Angeles. One night on Bougainville the Japs treated us to an unusually heavy bombing attack. When I was getting up the next morning I heard Tony yelling from his foxhole, about 75 yards away.

"I ran over with several other men, and Tony explained to us excitedly: "There was one 'WHOOOOOOOOOOSH' of a falling bomb that paralyzed my ear drums. Then something seemed to push up the bottom of my foxhole. I knew it was mighty, mighty close. But nothing else happened, so I finally went back to sleep. Then when I crawl out this morning here's what I find."

Tony pointed with a shaking finger to the fin of an unexploded Jap bomb sticking out the very rim of his foxhole. The bomb had hit less than two feet from Tony's head, and, plowing diagonally under the foxhole, the nose of the bomb had come to rest just beneath the place where Tony's stomach was.

"Thanks to some dumb guy back in Japan for making a dud," Tony said with the most genuine sigh of relief I have ever seen.

WHO GOES THERE . . . ?

IN the last issue of this magazine, we ran the photograph which we are reprinting below, showing Marines fighting a fuel dump fire on Puruata Island. Reader Wilton Dietrich of West Allis, Wisconsin, called our attention to something we had overlooked—the ghostly face in the smoke. . . .

VANGUARD OF DOOM

Official Coast Guard Photo

CLOSER, EVER CLOSER, relentlessly, doom creeps toward Japan, and in the vanguard always are the fighting men of the United States Marines. It was Tarawa in November, 1943, and New Britain in December, the Marshalls in February, 1944, and then, on June 14, it was *Saipan!* . . . Two divisions of Leathernecks, accompanied by Army infantry elements, hit the little rocky island under cover of a crushing air and sea bombardment and before they were through, killed 21,036 Nipponese . . .

Here is the first wave, dug in on Saipan's beach, while in the background, one of the amtracs that brought them in burns furiously . . .

One wing of the invaders pushed through to Garapan, Saipan's principal city, and for the first time in this jungle-marked Pacific war the Leathernecks found themselves fighting in a *town*.

These Marines (of the Second Division) battled savage resistance for two weeks, but on July 1 they captured the heights above Garapan and two days later drove through the municipal center. The picture below shows two of the Devildogs racing amid rubble and fire in the first house-to-house combat of their war against Japan.

STUBBORN Nips, as usual, held out to their bitter end on Saipan, and the Marines had to pry and blast the tenacious little fanatics from countless holes and crannies. In the picture to the right, Marine Gunnery Sergeant E. L. Blanchard, of Eldon, Iowa, is using some powerful persuasion in the form of a hand grenade to coax several Shambo snipers out of a cave in the northern part of the island.

BOOMERANG was this captured Jap mountain gun when versatile Marines put it to use against its original owners during the attack on Garapan.

Official Coast Guard Photo

Here a Jap rides a Marine for a change (*above*), as an unusually friendly Nipponese boy makes friends with a grinning Leatherneck.

Saipan souvenirs have been the best yet, and these Marines (*below*) boast the largest Jap flag in captivity —eleven feet wide and seventeen feet long.

A bit of a mess is this Jap tank demolished by artillery fire. Part of the debris is a dead Nip crew-member, shattered like his erstwhile vehicle.

REST PERIOD was brief for these tired and weary men of the Second Marine Division, veterans of Guadalcanal and Tarawa, shown here as they move to the rear for time out after twenty days of slugging the Japs on Saipan. They were soon back in action, to repulse the final suicide charge of the Nips and to secure the last two miles of the island's northern tip.

NEXT TO CHOW, mail has priority. Here is a Marine Post Office established in the ruins of a house in Charan-Kanoa before battle smoke has cleared.

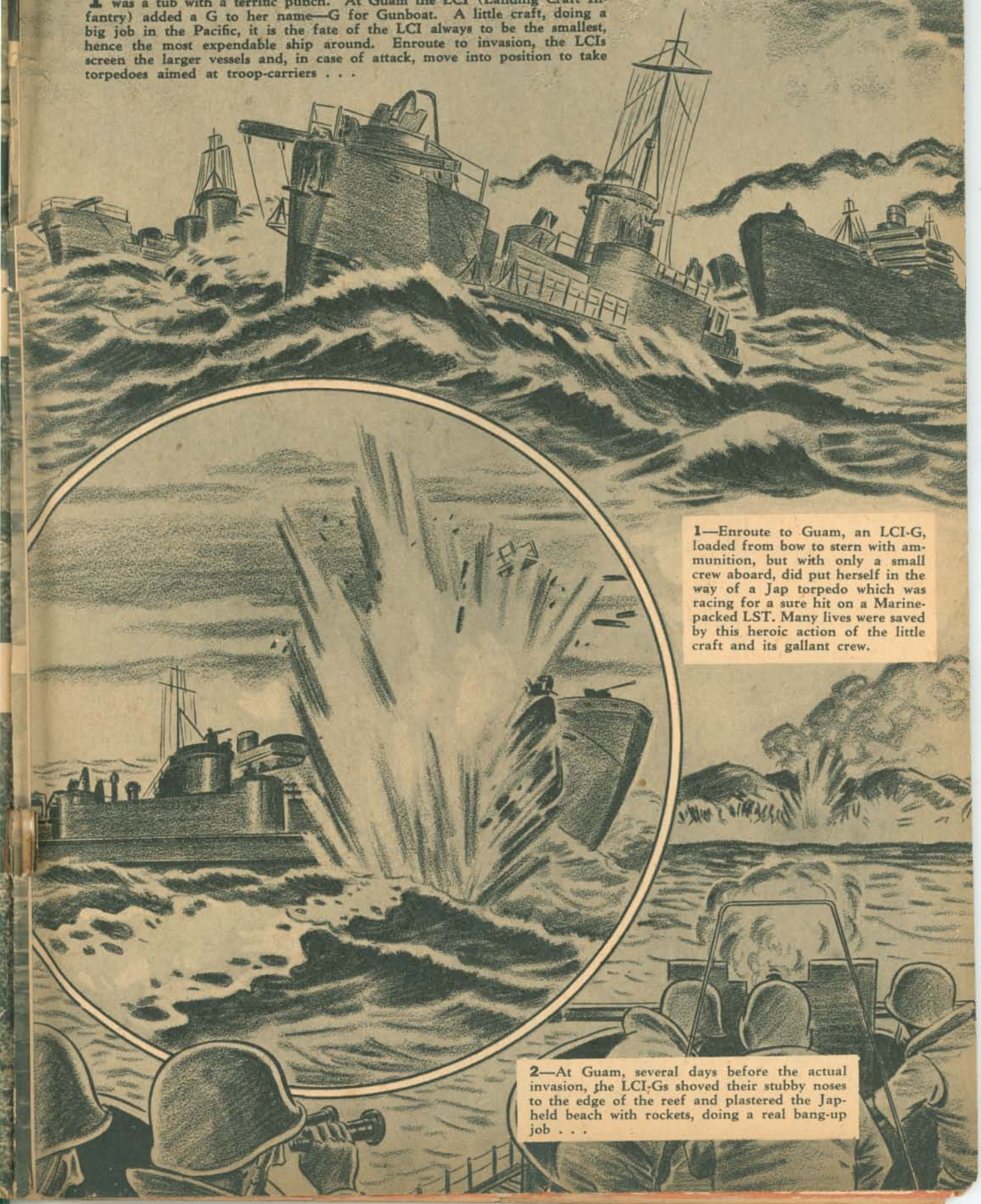
INCREDIBLE to this 61-year-old Chamorro woman on Saipan are photographs shown to her by T/Sgt. Don Brown, Marine band member from Vallejo, California.

TIPSY NIPSY on way to internment. This Jap civilian had been withstanding rigors of war with a bottle of saki, was slightly squiffed when captured.

WAR'S EBB, on Saipan as everywhere else, leaves bewildered, uncertain women and children watching the strange doings of the conqueror. These people are a mixture of Koreans, Chamorros, and some Japanese.

SEAGOING BATHTUB

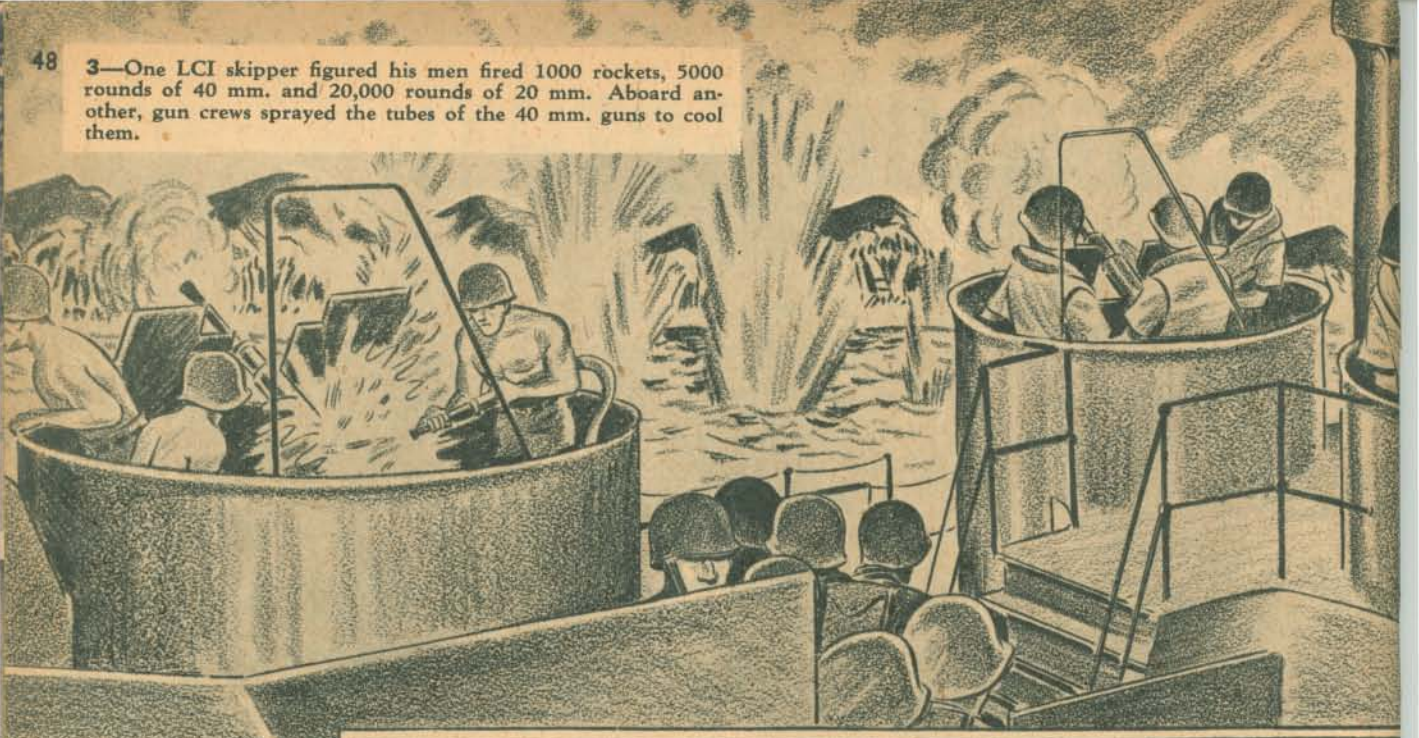
THAT'S what deep-water men called the LCI—until they discovered she was a tub with a terrific punch. At Guam the LCI (Landing Craft Infantry) added a G to her name—G for Gunboat. A little craft, doing a big job in the Pacific, it is the fate of the LCI always to be the smallest, hence the most expendable ship around. Enroute to invasion, the LCIs screen the larger vessels and, in case of attack, move into position to take torpedoes aimed at troop-carriers . . .



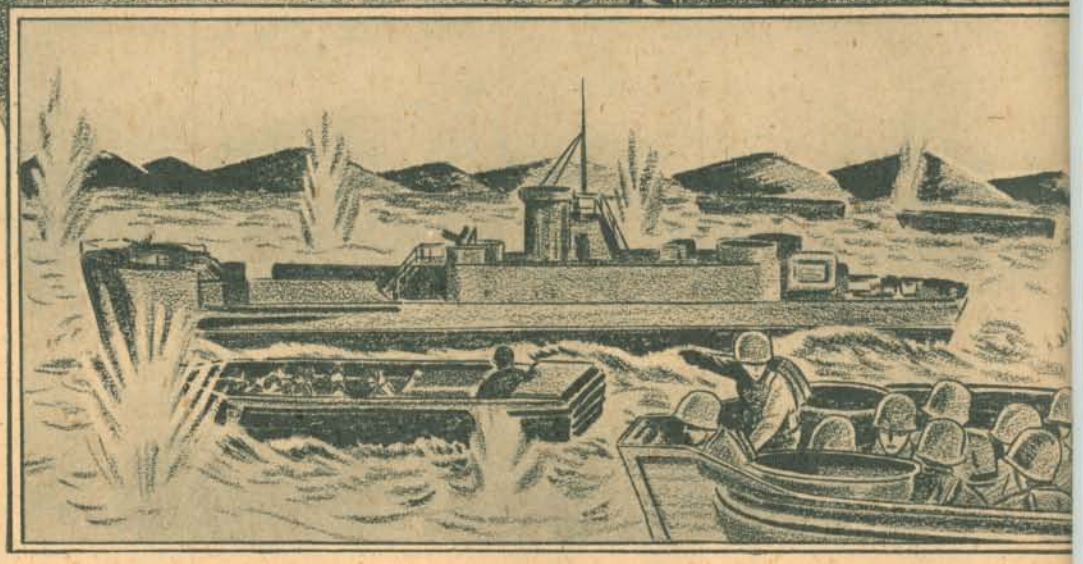
1—Enroute to Guam, an LCI-G, loaded from bow to stern with ammunition, but with only a small crew aboard, did put herself in the way of a Jap torpedo which was racing for a sure hit on a Marine-packed LST. Many lives were saved by this heroic action of the little craft and its gallant crew.

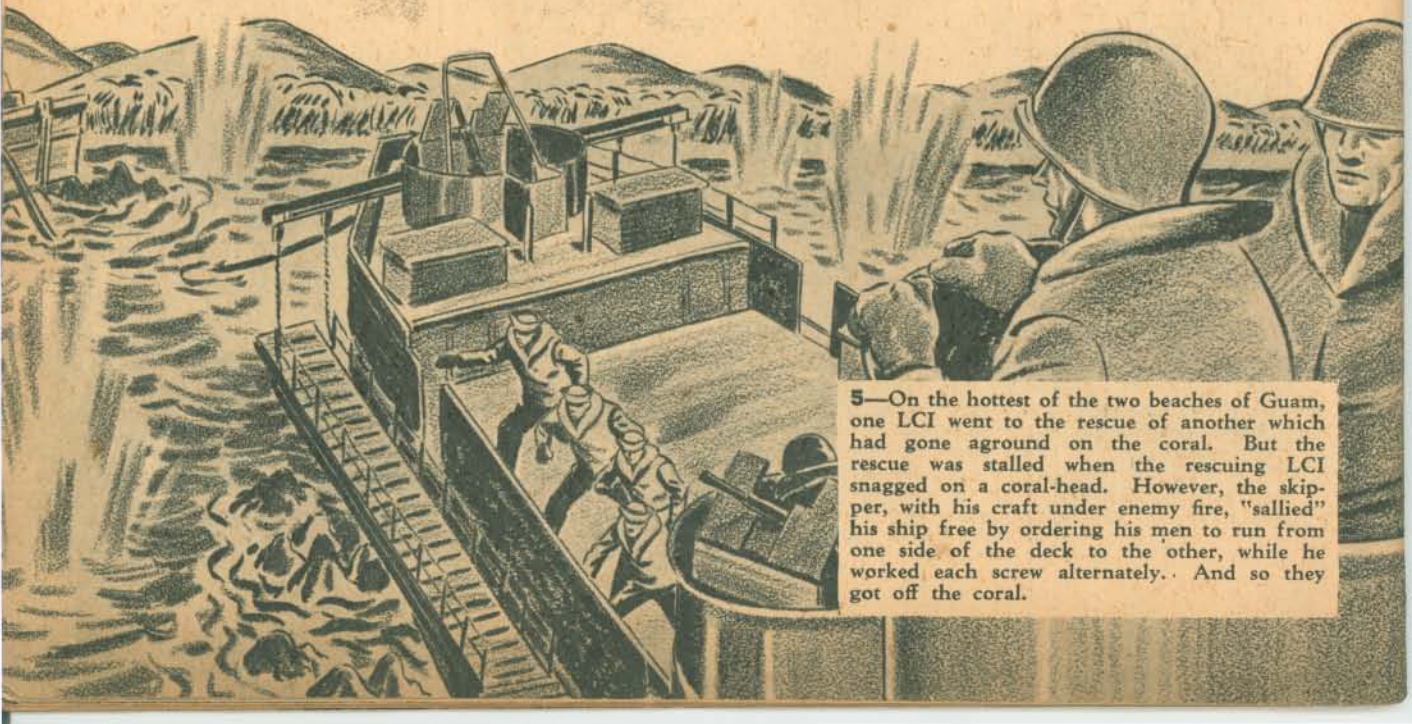
2—At Guam, several days before the actual invasion, the LCI-Gs shoved their stubby noses to the edge of the reef and plastered the Jap-held beach with rockets, doing a real bang-up job . . .

3—One LCI skipper figured his men fired 1000 rockets, 5000 rounds of 40 mm. and 20,000 rounds of 20 mm. Aboard another, gun crews sprayed the tubes of the 40 mm. guns to cool them.

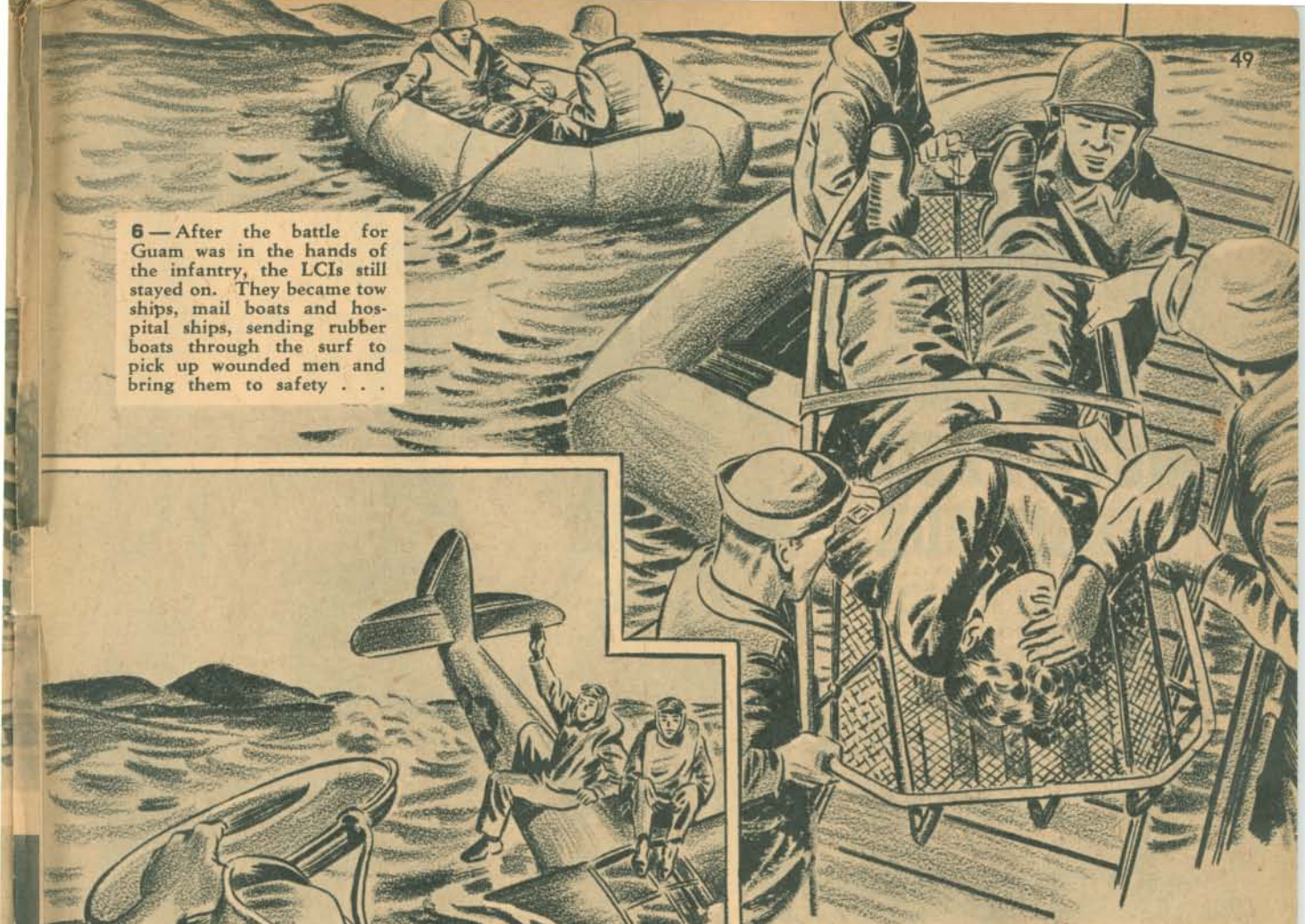


4—And then came—*D-Day*. Having peppered the water all night long to prevent any last-minute mining by the Japs, the LCIs moved out and, at dawn, convoyed the landing craft to shore. They set the pace of invasion, and later took in Marines themselves, thus dropping the *G* and becoming plain LCI once more . . .

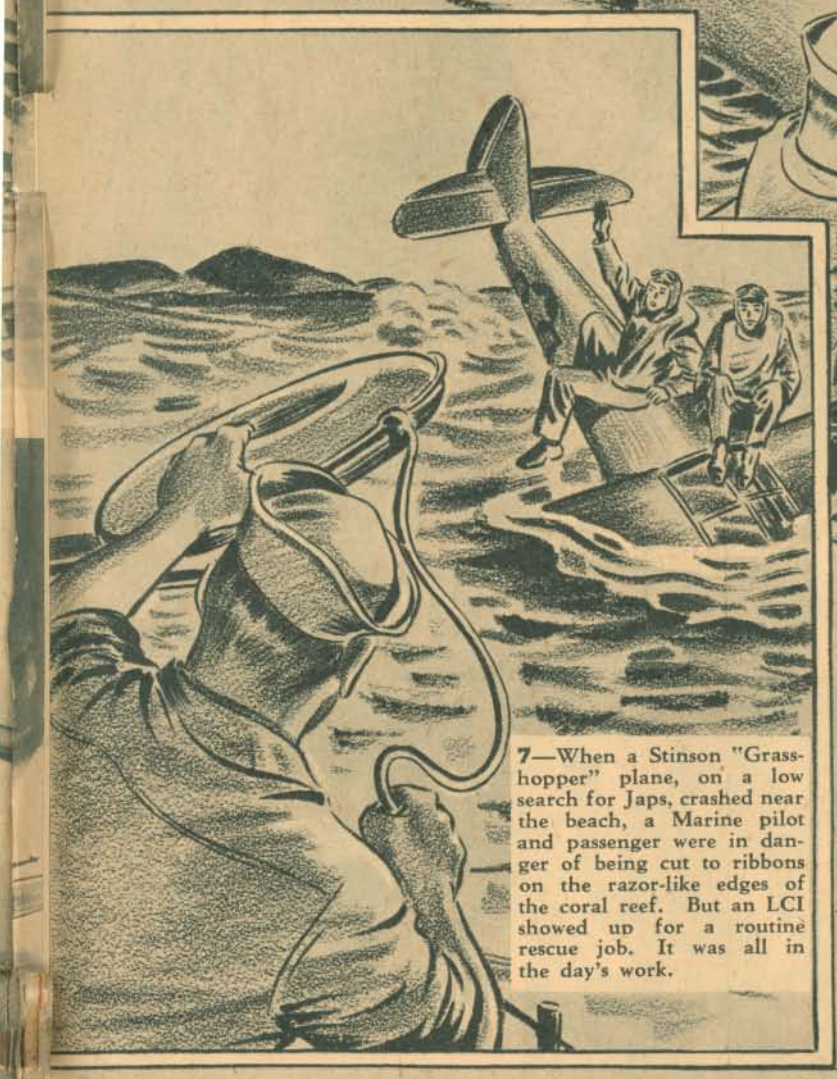




5—On the hottest of the two beaches of Guam, one LCI went to the rescue of another which had gone aground on the coral. But the rescue was stalled when the rescuing LCI snagged on a coral-head. However, the skipper, with his craft under enemy fire, "sallied" his ship free by ordering his men to run from one side of the deck to the other, while he worked each screw alternately. And so they got off the coral.

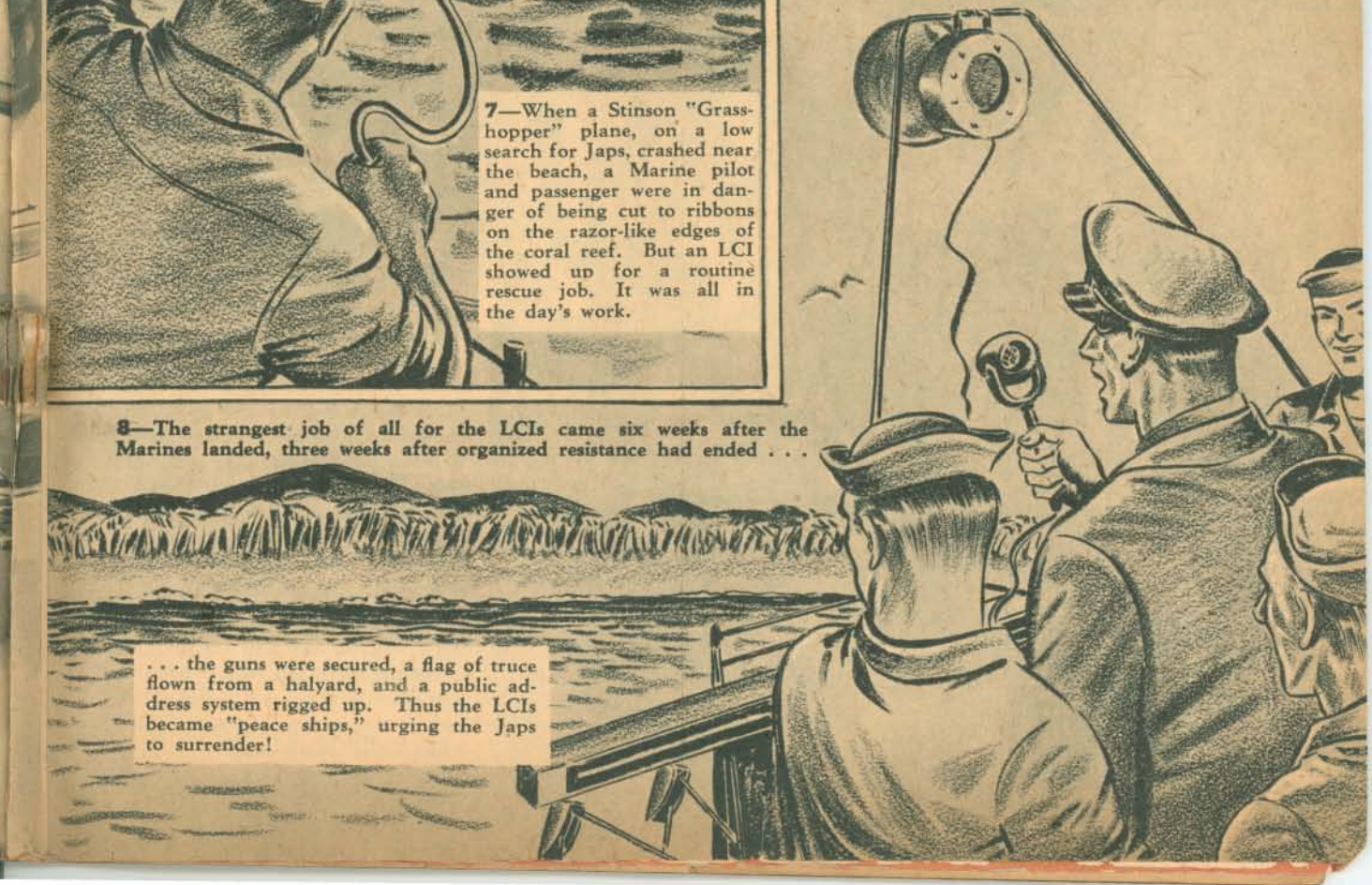


6 — After the battle for Guam was in the hands of the infantry, the LCIs still stayed on. They became tow ships, mail boats and hospital ships, sending rubber boats through the surf to pick up wounded men and bring them to safety . . .



7—When a Stinson "Grasshopper" plane, on a low search for Japs, crashed near the beach, a Marine pilot and passenger were in danger of being cut to ribbons on the razor-like edges of the coral reef. But an LCI showed up for a routine rescue job. It was all in the day's work.

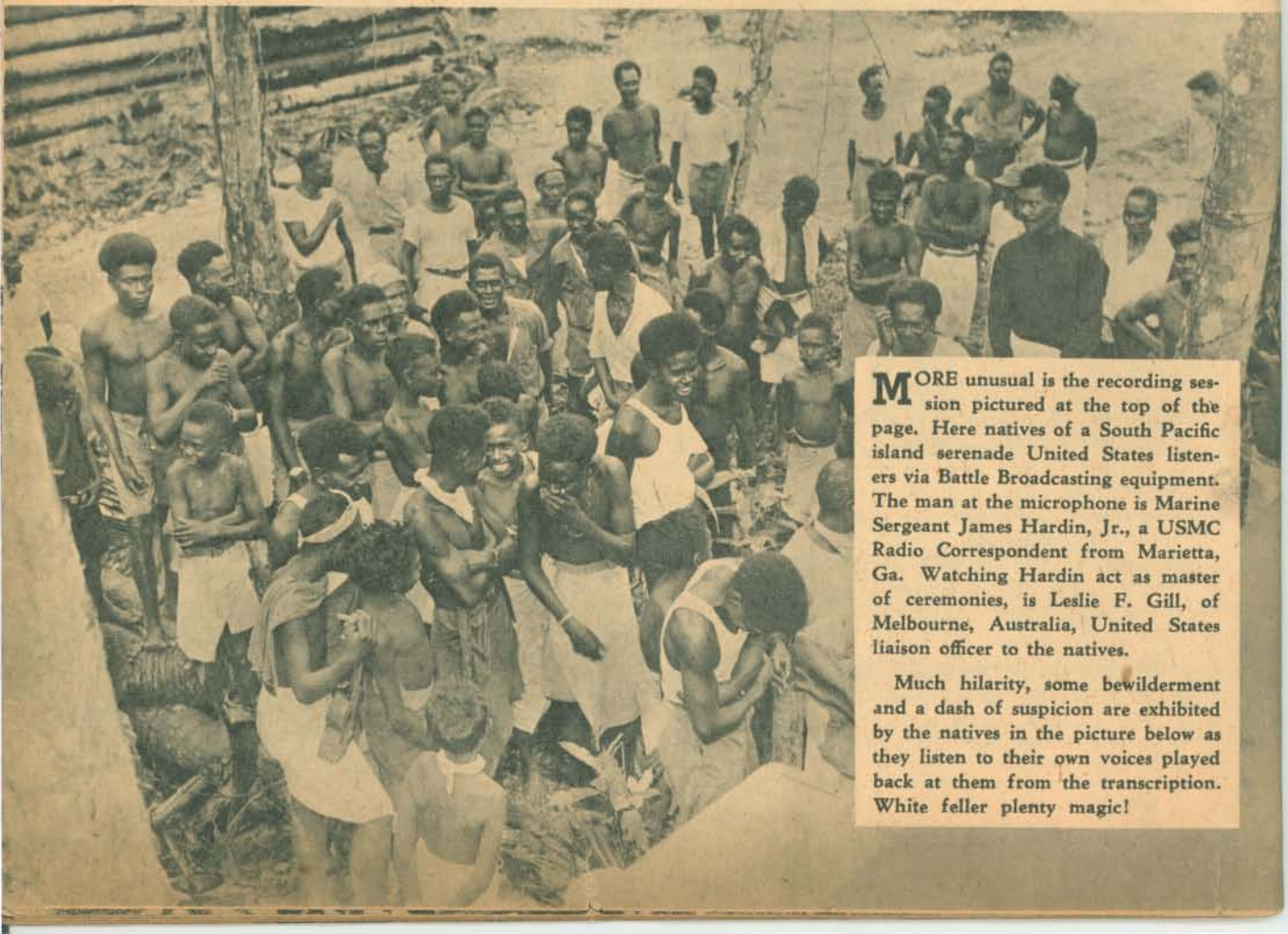
8—The strangest job of all for the LCIs came six weeks after the Marines landed, three weeks after organized resistance had ended . . .



. . . the guns were secured, a flag of truce flown from a halyard, and a public address system rigged up. Thus the LCIs became "peace ships," urging the Japs to surrender!

SOUTH PACIFIC SERENADE

WHEN the special events programs disappeared from the commercial networks after Pearl Harbor, they were not a war casualty; instead, they have themselves gone to war with the Marines and are now known as Battle Broadcasting. A small group of Marines assigned to this work make instantaneous electrical transcriptions of on-the-scene accounts of battle action as described by the participants, and the transcriptions are flown to the United States for broadcast over the nation's networks to all the folks at home.



MORE unusual is the recording session pictured at the top of the page. Here natives of a South Pacific island serenade United States listeners via Battle Broadcasting equipment. The man at the microphone is Marine Sergeant James Hardin, Jr., a USMC Radio Correspondent from Marietta, Ga. Watching Hardin act as master of ceremonies, is Leslie F. Gill, of Melbourne, Australia, United States liaison officer to the natives.

Much hilarity, some bewilderment and a dash of suspicion are exhibited by the natives in the picture below as they listen to their own voices played back at them from the transcription. White feller plenty magic!

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